

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

SEPTEMBER 30



*Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts*

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In this issue • • Stories by Arthur Floyd Henderson, William Leavitt Stoddard, J. W. Schultz, Ray Stannard Baker, J. W. Marshall. "Through the Dragon's Teeth"—III

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## MISCELLANY

### A SUIT FOR TRESPASS

"SPELLago," Deacon Hyne hazarded vaguely and looked at Caleb Peaslee for confirmation, "I thought I heard somethin' about Lafe Peters' bringin' suit against the Widder Somes for trespass. You know anything about it, Kellup?"

"I know all about it," replied Caleb briefly and fell again to shaping the axe handle that he was fashioning.

"Well," continued the deacon, "when's he goin' to do it and what for?"

Caleb sighted carefully along the bit of wood, searching for lumps. "He ain't goin' to do it at all."

The deacon pounded impatiently with his cane upon the floor. "Are you goin' to tell me of your own accord," he demanded testily. "Or have I got to dig it out of you one word at a time, same's I'm doin' now?"

Caleb sighed and laid down his spoke-shave. "Sometimes," he began reprovingly, "I've took it from your actions that you thought I talked too much. But ne'mind," he said hastily as the deacon started to open his mouth, "we'll let it go that you don't think so. I was only foolin' anyway."

"I s'pose it all started," he conjectured, "from one time when the widder had a cow Lafe wanted to buy and she wouldn't take ten dollars less'n the cow was worth, hard as Lafe tried to make her. He'd lotted on buyin' the cow cheap and sellin' it to Ward Higgins for a consid'able big price, and when the widder wouldn't take his price and the next day sold it to Ward herself Lafe didn't like it at all."

"From that time on he's took occasion to make little flings at the widder—how stinky she was and how she wore the same clothes year in and out and all such little things as that. But everybody knows Lafe, so nobody paid much heed to him."



He saw the widow crossing his field

"But here a couple of weeks ago he chanced to see the widder crossin' the lower edge of his field, and it come over him there was a chance to make trouble for her. He went down and looked, and there was a little path worn in the grass—or in what would be grass if there was any grass there. But there was a path worn there such as it was, and it was enough for a man to hang a suit on; and Lafe was jest triflin' enough to go to a lawyer. So the first thing the widder knew of it was when she got the papers summonin' her to answer."

"Bein' a small suit for nom'nal damages, Squire Metcalf was comp'tent to hear both sides, and he told the widder fur's he could see she didn't need to employ counsel; she could tell her case herself, and he'd see she got fair play. He was provoked at Lafe for bringin' a spite case anyway, and he told the widder to have her witnesses there. So she did, and I happened to be one of 'em—she wanted me to help prove that folks had crossed the end of that field time out of mind, and she'd only follered custom."

"However," said Mr. Peaslee, "it turned out I had a better plea than that. When it come my turn to tell my story I took occasion to confer with the judge to one side for five minutes, and when I got through he went back to his chair and cleared his throat and shuffled his papers; then he says:

"While the suggestion of the court may seem a little irregular, the court believes the ends of justice may best be served by an adjournment to the locality where the alleged trespass occurred—and to one other locality to be specified later. It is the desire of the court that all parties to the suit do now adjourn as suggested; and the court will go along also."

"Well, nobody seemed to know for a minute what to say—Lafe in p'ticular. But Squire Metcalf don't commonly want anything 'thout a good reason for it, so one by one all hands filed out of the room and struck down towards Lafe's field."

"When we got there and took a look at the field, as the judge wanted us to, there wa'n't, if you leave out Lafe himself, two minds about the whole matter. Anybody could see that the widder couldn't damage the field ten cents' worth."

"Well, then the squire turned to me and says:

"Now, Mr. Peaslee, will you be good enough to indicate the other locality to which I referred in the court room?"

"And on that I took the lead and fetched 'em all down to the edge of my swale and brought 'em to a halt where the ground made a little shelf over the bog, and where there was a deep rut made where somebody'd once hauled a stoneboat across it; and under the shelf was a heap of stones, enough to build a set of buildin's. The judge give it a careful look, and then he says:



I took occasion to confer with the judge

"For a minute or two informally I'm going to hold court here, and I wish to ask the witness Peaslee a few questions. First I want to ask where these stones came from."

"I told him they came off'n Lafe Peters' farm."

"Had he your consent to put them here?" the judge wanted to know, and I told him Lafe hadn't, he'd never even asked for it."

"Did he put them all here?" the judge asked me next, and I says: "No; some of 'em his father dumped here, and some was dumped by others before Lafe or his father owned the place."

"And then the judge says: 'They were put here then because it had been a long custom?' And when I said that that was the way of it he said we'd all go back to the court room again."

"When we got inside and the judge sed-down in his chair he took a minute to think, and then he says: 'In this matter in hand it is within the power of the court to impose a nom'nal fine, if it is the wish of the plaintiff that the court do so, but before that the court wishes to make a few remarks. The fine imposed in any case can only amount to a few cents, for damages to more than that is not evident. The court would estimate such damages and put the fine at the full amount in this case if any damages are so assessed. But,' says he slow and distinct and eyin' Lafe mighty snug, 'having done so in this case, the court could hardly avoid a sim'lar course in another case possessin' like features. The court, to use this as an illustration while it is fresh in the minds of all parties, could hardly in the case of trespass by dumpin' stones because of long-established custom do less than decree the removal of the stones or impose a fine sufficient to defray the cost of such removal. I am using this hypothetical case only as an illustration, you will all understand.' And then he stopped and looked down at the papers on the desk for a good minute before he says: 'Does the plaintiff ask that the fine be imposed?'"

"And when he didn't git an answer he looked up—and the only people in the room was the widder and me. Lafe had slid out the door quiet and took what witnesses he had along with him. The squire took a good look around to be sure we were all alone, and then he winked at me plain as day!"

—FRANK K. RICH

### THE WHY OF THE TORTOISE-SHELL CAT

WHAT makes a tortoise-shell cat have that singular and interesting color? It is not just a happen so; we know just what ancestry the tortoise-shell cat must have. The laws of heredity discovered long ago by Gregor Mendel determine it, though there is one puzzling thing about it all. Tortoise-shell toms are exceedingly rare; almost every cat of that color is a female. In the London Illustrated News Mr. W. P. Pycraft discourses pleasantly on the subject.

To begin with, of course, he says, we must have two cats, and they must be of opposite sexes. One extremely important—one might say vitally important—requirement to this

end has yet to be mentioned; they must be of the right colors. One must be black, or black-and-white, the other orange, or "sandy," in color. The mating of cats with these two colors gives some curiously interesting results. Thus, the cross between a sandy female and a black male will result in tortoise-shell female and sandy male kittens; but the opposite cross, between a black female and a sandy male, produces black kittens, either male or female, tortoise-shell females and sandy males. This, at any rate, is the general rule for such matings. But in dealing with living bodies one must always be prepared to meet with exceptions. And one of the kittens that formed the subject of a correspondence on the determining of color affords a case in point. It was out of a black female by a sandy male, and, being a male, it should have been sandy or black. But, for some inscrutable reason, it developed the tortoise-shell coloring that is almost always confined to the females. Unfortunately, nothing was said as to the coloration of the rest of the litter.

Why is it that the cross between sandy females and black males should always give only tortoise-shell females and sandy males, while with the reverse cross—black female and sandy male—the offspring should present three types of coloration—black, tortoise-shell and sandy? Finally, when a male tortoise-shell is mated with a female of the same color, the progeny are tortoise-shell, sandy and black. In some strains of cats the pigments seem to have undergone a process of "watering-down," or dilution; that is to say, they are lacking in intensity, giving, as a result, the colors cream and blue. These conspicuous types of coloration are in themselves extremely interesting. But they become still more so when we pause to ask whence, and how, they came into being. For the moment, all that we can say is that they are the concomitants of domestication. For there are no wild species thus marked. Why domestication should have brought about such types is a question to which we have not yet found an answer.

### PAIN IN THE CHEST. I.

PAIN is one of the commonest symptoms of disease, and it is the one which drives us most quickly to the physician. It is especially pain in the chest that causes alarm. We are more or less accustomed from childhood to pain in the abdomen, and familiarity with it and jokes about it have bred more or less contempt. But the chest is another region. We all know that the heart is located there, and any pain in the chest that we do not understand is instinctively referred to the heart. While it is not well to disregard any symptom of incipient disease, for it is in early stages that disease is most easily arrested, yet it is foolish to be greatly disturbed by a symptom that more often than not has no serious meaning.

Two things should be borne in mind. The first is that only a very small proportion of chest pains bear any relation whatever to the heart; and the second is that pain in the region of the heart is in the majority of cases not indicative of disease in that organ. Muscular pains are not uncommon. They are, as a rule, dull rather than sharp, and are increased by movement, such as bending from side to side, or by unusually deep breathing. The affected muscles feel sore and are tender on pressure. The cause is the same as that of myalgia, or muscular rheumatism—exposure to cold and damp weather, or sitting in a draft or too near an electric fan when overheated. Or it may occur, like lumbago, as a result of an acid condition of the body fluids—an excessive formation or retention of uric acid. The treatment is the same as that of muscular rheumatism elsewhere—the local application of heat from an electric-light bulb wrapped in flannel, or a hot-water bottle, and the taking of a level spoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of hot or cold water every three or four hours for four or five doses.

Another sort of pain is neuralgia. Like neuralgia elsewhere, this is always distressing. The pain is sharp, shooting or stinging, more or less paroxysmal and intermittent, passing around the chest, usually on both sides, or extending up in to the armpit and down the arm; at the same time there is a spot near the spine where pressure elicits pain. Or the neuralgia may be in the diaphragm, when it will be felt along the lower part of the chest; deep breathing increases the pain. A description of the other many varieties of pain in the chest must be reserved to another article.

(Miscellany continued on page 703).

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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## In His Dishonor

By ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by W. M. BERGER

### Chapter I

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—This is a manuscript supposed to have been found among the private papers of Major Harwell Vaughan of the Continental Army. Major Vaughan is an imaginary person, but the other characters in the story are well known to you, and this is the true story of the most perilous days in their lives, and in the life of our country.

I AM growing so old that it seems strange for me to be putting pen to paper. But I have had a strange day. The days here pass quietly enough, you may be sure. I have little to do but watch the Hudson River, on which there are now almost as many steamboats as sailing craft.

Every evening I sit on this peaceful lawn in my easy chair and watch the sunset across the Tappan Zee. I am like an old sword rusting in its sheath, never to be drawn again. To my nephew Tom and my niece Sally I must seem to be merely a fossil from which life itself has gone. Yet this morning Tom brought me to life again: I heard him quarreling with his wife, and not only quarreling but swearing—using expressions that are common enough among soldiers, but which no gentleman of my time could have used in the presence of a lady.

I sprang up from my chair, and confronted him in the library.

"You young blackguard," I said to him. "Come out into the garden, where we can be private, and I will tell you what you are."

I pitched into him for ten minutes without stopping, and my voice came back to me. It has long since dwindled into an old man's croak. But it was a loud voice once, and deep. My nephew stared at me as he listened, and there was alarm in his eyes. When I finished, he apologized to me and then to Sally, his wife. I have seen him no more today.

Sally herself made excuses for him when he had gone. She said that his temper had been sorely tried, and that he was not used to hear men talk as I had done about chivalry and respect for women. She said that these virtues have little place in the crowded and busy lives that men lead nowadays. Modern women do not expect the old-time gentleness and deference, she said; they pride themselves on being the partners of men, and they do not wish to be sheltered and petted, and kept away from the realities of life.

"The young ladies of your time," she said to me, "were brought up in cotton wool. But this is a different age. The railroad trains and the steamboats have changed everything. Women are traveling. They see life as it is. They are beginning to think of themselves as human beings, and not as dolls and chattels."

"I suppose you think Mrs. George Washington was a doll," I answered her. "I suppose Margaret Shippen was a chattel."

She looked at me in surprise.

"It is true that the men of my time were chivalrous," I said. "But if you think that the women of those days did not know pain and anxiety and grief and hardship,—if you think that they failed to understand life,—if you suppose that they did not know what their husbands and sweethearts were doing, and did not stand by them through battle and murder and sudden death—why, then, my dear Sally, you know nothing about life and nothing about feminine character."

I think that I made her see, at last, that chivalry can still live in our crowded, busy modern world. I wonder, reader, if I can make you see? I wonder if you are too busy, too concerned with your own pressing affairs, to be gentle and chivalrous to the women you love and who love you—your mother, your sister, your wife?

Let me begin with a memory of my boyhood, when Edward Shippen, Esq., of Philadelphia, was the first rich and powerful man I ever saw. He was a grouty old man, except with his intimate friends. Only a few other

small boys besides myself were ever allowed to play with his little daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret. It was understood that we were never to approach or disturb Mr. Shippen himself, whom we saluted merely with a bow when entering his presence or leaving it. He was among those men to whom the pursuit and capture of money is so engrossing that they have no time for other things. When children came near him in play, he used to dive majestically into the door of his sitting-room—as you may have seen an elderly woodchuck dive into the mouth of his den.

But Margaret Shippen was a smiling, elfin little girl; a great favorite with all. I had the boyish trick of despising all girls, yet I was attracted to her; she could climb to the highest branch of the most perilous tree, and she could throw a ball harder and straighter than I. She would cry when she was not permitted to go with us boys on some all-day fishing trip to the Schuylkill River. Then she would dash the tears out of her eyes and say that when she grew up she was going to do anything she pleased. Life was simple in Philadelphia in those days, yet I could see vaguely that Margaret was not a girl who looked forward to a quiet and simple family life. She read all the romances she could lay her hands upon, and used to talk about palaces in Persia, and tiger-hunting in the Indian jungles, and gold crowns, and possessions of slaves.

"You would look very handsome as a Grand Mogul, Harwell," she said to me. "With your black hair and black eyes and ivory skin, all you require is a dressing-gown of cloth of gold to make a very presentable young Emperor."

Yet in the same breath with such preposterous fancies Margaret could talk so gently and wisely about everyday things that all the ladies and gentlemen in the Shippen circle of friends adored her. My own feeling of course was but one of comradeship. And yet—

When we were both eighteen, however, all personal topics were dropped between us. I was invited sometimes to dine at Mr. Shippen's house. But, as a young man with no fortune and no prospects of inheritance, I was not among those whom Mr. Shippen regarded as possible sons-in-law. I merely enjoyed the privileges of old acquaintanceship. I was beginning to read law under my uncle, and I scribbled a little for the newspapers.

"You were my first beau," Margaret Shippen said to me, smiling. "You must take something of mine"



Stories of this man's heroism spread like wildfire through our army. At Saratoga he charged the British fortifications almost single-handed, calling on volunteers to follow him if they dared

how I wished I had been there and how eagerly I grasped at the first chance to enlist. Not two days later came the final occasion on which I ever dined at Mr. Shippen's house.

His farewell to me was so cordial that I thought it almost enthusiastic. He had no patience with any young man who craved adventure and honor; indeed, he distrusted the young man who did not go into mercantile life.

"This will put a period to your law studies," he said, "and to your ventures into literature."

"I fear so. But the war will be short."

He shook his head. Perhaps he had a vision of the long, long years that were to come. But we younger men, who knew that General Washington had driven the British out of Boston to Halifax, were full of the conviction that we would drive them as quickly out of the whole country. We called them lobsterbacks because their coats were red; we called them other jeering names. That was before we came to know them well in the field.

But after Mr. Shippen had retreated into his library, it was from Margaret that I had my last word.

"You were my first beau," she said to me, smiling. "You must take something of mine."

It was mockery, I thought at first—the old elfin mockery. But her eyes were shining. She put a tiny gold disc into my hand—it was a coin of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as I found when I examined it later at home. But now I had no eyes for the token; my eyes were on her own. All our early years had been good comradeship, but no more. I looked at her in the firelight. But a young man going off to the war is in no frame of mind to appraise his own moods as he can do in times of peace. Drums in the streets, and the sharp, loud call of the fifes! I put the little token into a pocket over my heart. And the drums swelled up into a crescendo, I remember, as I went away from the house.

Drumbeat, and bugle call, and the boom of artillery on the parade grounds—all these I heard as I walked the streets for hours under the trees. I wondered what time and fate would bring. I could not guess what they would bring to Margaret, or to what a life-long crucifixion she was doomed.

It was a long war, and my part in it was not a great one. Year followed year, until in 1780 I found myself attached to the staff of General Knox, with the rank of captain. He



"You were my first beau," Margaret Shippen said to me, smiling. "You must take something of mine"

was a plain man. He had been a bookseller in Boston, and I thought him sadly lacking in the traditional smartness and dash of the professional soldier. It was a curious thing that our only two trained general officers, Gates and Charles Lee, both of whom had served with distinction in the British army, turned out to be grievous disappointments. It was our plain homespun generals, Washington and Greene and Knox, who survived every defeat and eventually won the war.

There was certainly not the smallest flavor of the professional soldier about General Washington. I expected to see a dashing leader whose mere presence on the field would be an inspiration to fame and glory. Instead, I saw a tall and slow-spoken Virginian farmer—a gentle, kindly, almost fatherly man, who suffered frequently from toothache, and was followed everywhere by a colored servant, who imitated his manner of walking and wore his old clothes. Our general could not possibly have been painted like Napoleon Bonaparte, in the act of reviewing conquering troops. He had no conquering troops. He moved painfully about the country in the midst of a tatterdemalion army. A farmer leading a horde of farmers—this was the man on whom the colonial leaders depended to break the power of King George, and of King George's famous generals, and King George's bottomless stores of materials and money and men!

And yet, even to such a callow person as myself, it became evident that our commander

was no man who would be easily beaten. He had endless patience. His common sense never deserted him. His very bigness was an advantage to him; he towered inches above the other officers, and above the politicians. And he had an eye; he had the most dominating eye that ever looked out of a human head! When he was beset by men who thought they knew better than he did his eye brought order into any debate, and there was no man in America who could stand against it.

He will never be put into a book, I think. He will burst out of its covers, a perpetual mystery and challenge to the historians. They will try to embalm him, to measure him by the standards of little men. I wish we had a Plutarch in America, who could make all our future generations see this mighty man as we saw him—this quiet, benignant, indomitable man who led a starving army through what seemed an endless war.

But little men cannot quickly understand greatness, and I confess my own inability to understand it at that time. I wished that General Washington had some of the amazing fire and dash which distinguished at least one of our other officers—General Arnold.

Stories of Arnold circulated everywhere in our army. At Saratoga, he charged the British fortifications almost single-handed, calling on volunteers to follow him if they dared. While he galloped down the hill at the head of his nondescript forces, General Gates sent

an aide after him to bid him do nothing rash. The aide panted on Arnold's track, never coming up with him. At last, after smashing the British line, Arnold burst against the Germans on the left flank. He rolled them back into their fort and rode in after them through the sally-port on horseback. Never another leader has done a feat like that. A German gunner was waiting to receive him, and when the gunner fired Arnold went down under his dying horse, with his knee blown into ribbons. But his men were close behind him, and took the fort; and when they would have bayoneted the German who shot him down Arnold shook his head.

"Let him alone," he ordered between his set teeth, fighting against his agony. "The man only did his duty."

At that moment, with the battle won and the general who had won it lying half dead on the ground, General Gates's aide came up.

"General Gates's compliments," he said, "and he requests General Arnold to do nothing rash."

Stories of this kind about Arnold spread like wildfire. Men fought for him as they fought for nobody else. At last, he was made military governor of Philadelphia. It was a hard city to govern; its leading citizens had borne the weight of British occupation; heads had been turned by the glitter and glamor of soldiers of fortune like Tarleton and André. Arnold apparently thought he could outshine them; it was a strange ambition for a

scarred old bulldog like himself, with his stiff knee, and his feet and hands crippled by frostbite at Quebec and in the wilderness of Maine. But Arnold was well-born. He went to ruin, financially and morally, in his effort to live up to his ideas of what a gentleman in high command must do. He tried to be a brilliant host. His wine bill alone was more than five thousand dollars. Needing money desperately, he raised it in ways that are intolerable. Toward the end, when the citizens were preferring charges against him, he married Margaret Shippen.

I put down the words in cold blood. They freeze my heart even now.

I knew her desire for riches and prominence. I could guess that Arnold's shining military record appealed to her, and the more so after she had known Howe and Tarleton and André—men of bravery, men of high affairs.

But that she could have ever brought herself to love Arnold, so much her senior,—Arnold, a widower with three children,—Arnold, a man involved in the shadiest kind of efforts to raise money—this is what I could never understand. But she accepted him, and she was faithful to him until the end.

And I, who had gone off to the war with her token in my hand, and I know not what music singing in my heart—I heard this news from Philadelphia, and I felt I would be happiest with an enemy bullet through my brain.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE song ended, but the effect of it remained within me. I could not sleep. I kept thinking of the wonderful song I had heard and the powerful Tewa gods. I wanted them to be my gods also. Perhaps they would if I earnestly prayed to them for help. To do that I must learn the Tewa language thoroughly. "I will begin speaking it at once," I vowed.

On the following morning when our captor spoke to me I answered him in the Tewa language. It was the first time I had done so.

Said the man: "I am pleased."

The woman gave me a hug and a kiss and said: "Elder son, hearing you speak the Tewa language is very pleasing to your Tewa mother."

Then she took little Lone Rock on her knee. Nacitima beamed approval.

So that was it: she and her man had taken Lone Rock and me to raise as their very own children. I talked with them about it a little later and learned that, having no children and approaching old age, they had long sought to adopt one or two, but there were no orphans in their clan, and other clans would not let their orphans go to any but near relatives. Then when the man saved our lives he and his woman decided to make us their children, though the whole Tewa tribe had advised against it, and some still maintained that evil would come of it.

I give you now our captor's name: it was Nacitima (Arrays Himself). That of his woman was Kelemana (Sparrow Hawk Maiden).

Knowing that many of the children and their elders hated us, Lone Rock and I had not up to this time ventured down round the pueblos by ourselves, but Kelemana had gradually brought children of near-by houses to be acquainted with us. Of those that we knew I liked best Choromana, Blue Bird Maiden, a beautiful girl of about my age.

Choromana often urged Lone Rock and me to play with her and the other children down in the plaza, but always Kelemana said that the time had not yet come for us to go out of her sight and watchful care. One morning after I had begun to speak the Tewa language Nacitima heard her say this, and he insisted that we were big enough and strong enough to take care of ourselves and should go down at once.

"Good! We will play a game of ball, we girls against you boys," said Choromana.

"No. First we will shoot at a mark, see which one of us is the best shot," said a boy.

I slung my bow and my arrow case upon my back, and we all went down into the plaza. We were crossing it when some boys of the Winter People came running into it from their plaza and joined us. One of them, Ogota (Spotted Shells), of about my age but of heavier body, followed me close and snatched my bow from its case. As I turned about to seize it he broke it across his up-raised knee and struck my head a sharp blow with the pieces. We were right beside a small pile of winter fuel. Almost crazy with anger, hardly knowing what I did, I took up a large

stick and struck his head with it—struck with all my strength. Down he fell, and all the children except my brother and Choromana ran off, shouting: "The Navaho boy has killed Ogota! The enemy boy has killed Ogota!"

Women screamed, and men shouted and came running to us from all directions. A short dish-faced man seized me by an arm and drew his knife to stab me. "Right here I die! Brother, run to your mother!" I cried.

But for Choromana I could not have had time to tell my brother to run. Just as the man drew his knife to kill me she sprang and seized his arm, and, though he shook her as if she were no more than a stalk of corn, still she hung on,

screaming for Nacitima to come. Instead of running away my brother was trying to free me from the man, whose hold I was doing my best to break. Our strength was as nothing compared with his. With a sudden twisting jerk of his knife arm he sent the girl whirling from him and struck at me. I dodged the knife, and before he could strike again Nacitima came running and seized his arm, and upon his other side appeared the summer cacique, calling upon him to be still.

"But this Navaho dog killed my son! I must kill him!" cried the man.



Nacitima beamed approval. So that was it: Kelemana and her man had taken Lone Rock and me to raise as their very own children

"He is not dead; I can feel his heart beating," shouted a woman who was kneeling at the side of the boy, Ogota.

"Let me see! Let me learn if he lives!" said the other, and Nacitima let him go.

Just then the boy's mother came, wailing loudly, and also knelt at his side. We all looked down at them silently, I with terrible feelings of regret. I hated myself for having struck so hard.

"How is it?" asked the summer cacique.

"His heart beats, but very faintly," the father replied.

"Take him home. I will follow and doctor him," the other ordered.

A number of people carefully lifted the boy and started off with him. The father

looked back and, pointing to me, cried, "Navaho dog, if he dies, then you die!"

Kelemana, who had been out after pottery clay, came running to us and hurried us up to our home, Choromana and Nacitima following, and there she had us tell her all that had happened. When we had finished she hugged the girl, saying over and over: "Brave Choromana! Good Choromana! You protected my boys! You saved their lives! Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!"

"Thanks also from me. Had you not held on to the killer's arm, I could not have arrived in time to save our boys," said Nacitima.

Lone Rock went to her and gave her a hug as he sat down beside her. And I could only say: "You were brave! I shall not forget!"

FROM that time we went about in the pueblo as freely as any of the other children, and before many days Ogota joined in our play. He never once mentioned what had occurred between us. I saw that he played with us only to be with Choromana, to whom he was very much attached. More than once there came to me suddenly an uneasy feeling, and, looking about, I caught his anger-burning eyes upon me. Well I knew that he had always with him the remembrance of my blow upon his head.

Spring came; the snow upon the mountains melted and disappeared, and I said to Lone Rock one day: "We are no longer

watched; the way is open to us; we can now escape and return to our people."

"I do not want to escape!" he replied.

"Nor do I. It is best that we remain here with our good, kind Tewa father and mother," I acknowledged. I had had great change of heart since the time of our capture.

Never again did we talk about returning to our country of desert and mountains. Soon

arrived the planting time, and, with Nacitima teaching us, we helped him plant his field with corn, wheat, squash, beans and sweet melon seeds and then repair the winter-worn acequias—the irrigation trenches. Not yet had the Tewa people obtained harnesses and plows from the Spaniards, but for some years they had had Spanish shovels and hoes, and with these and much muscle and sweat we worked over the earth of the great field and made it ready for the seeds. And while we did the work we learned something that greatly surprised us. Though Nacitima owned the field and the acequias running through it, once his crop was harvested and put away in the storeroom it belonged to Kelemana. Hers was the house and all within it, hers the children; and, since she had none of her very own, we adopted children belonged to her, were members of her clan, the Corn clan, and of no relation whatever to Nacitima's clan, the Turquoise. The Tewa man then was but a working consort of his woman; she owned everything, he nothing but his clothing and weapons. This was very different from the law of the Navahos, by which the man owned the children, the woman, the home and everything within it.

AS seed-planting time neared its end we heard much praying and singing in the kiva in our plaza and were told that the shamans were entreating Those Above to bring frequent and heavy rains to the seeded fields. Then on a day when the planting was finished a great stream of beautifully dressed men and women, followed by old men drummers and singers, came out of the kiva and gave a ceremonial dance for the favor of the gods. All alike were the woven kilts of the men—white with red zigzag borders, symbol of the lightning. Alike were the patterns of their moccasins, and their black-painted legs were striped with white zigzag lines. The women all wore blue-black gowns that their men had woven for them, and bound crosswise upon their heads were stiff, thin crowns of buffalo rawhide, painted with red and yellow figures of the rains and clouds and tipped with tufts of eagle down. The men carried rattles of buffalo dewclaws; the women held in each hand a small pine branch.

With a woman beside each man, the long procession danced round the kiva, the men shaking their rattles and the women waving their branches in time to the dance tune. Now and then the wind whipped a tuft of down from a woman's crown, and it went floating up into the blue. And "Ah! Ah! It rises! It carries our prayers up into the blue to the Keepers of Our Lives," the shamans cried, and the people shouted joyously.

When the dance ended in the late afternoon I carried my trouble to Nacitima. He took Lone Rock and me by the hand and led us to the old summer cacique and told him of my desires and my fears. Looking kindly down upon us and patting our shoulders, he said: "Kind Tewas have adopted you and made you their own. You are Tewas. Doubt not that if you always strive to do good, to do right, Those Above will aid you as they would any other Tewas and in the end give you rest in the pleasant Underworld." His words made me unbelievably happy.

IN our pueblo were always coming and going people from Nambe, Tesuque, Pojoaque and the other Tewa pueblos, and now as summer came on we learned from them that several of their men who had gone out to hunt had never returned, and that two women of Nambe and one of Tesuque had disappeared. It was believed that in revenge for their great loss in the previous summer small war parties of Navahos had killed them and were constantly lying concealed round the pueblos, waiting to kill other unwary ones who might stray their way. So it was that the hunters no longer went up into the mountains, and therefore there was great scarcity of meat and, worst of all, scarcity of eagle down for prayer-sticks. These reports did not help Lone Rock and me. Men and women gave us black looks when we passed them, and one visitor said to Nacitima, "You should kill, not feed, your two Navaho puppies!"

Lone Rock and I worked hard as summer came on; we learned thoroughly the planting, raising and harvesting of corn and the other food plants that are the very life of the pueblo people. The summer passed, and we brought in plenty of firewood for the winter. The winter passed, and we were the first of the pueblo families to go out to the fields and prepare for the spring plantings. Other summers and winters went by, and Lone Rock and I worked and played and grew

"Brave Choromana!" Kelemana cried, "Good Choromana! You protected my boys! You saved their lives!"

tall and strong and learned much of Tewa customs and beliefs. Visitors from other pueblos continued to look at us with unfriendly eyes, as did a few in our pueblo, particularly members of the Winter People. We learned from Choromama that Ogota's mother was constantly saying mean things about us, lies that Ogota had undoubtedly told her.

In my seventeenth summer, soon after seed-planting time, two men of the Winter People who had gone up into the mountains to hunt did not return. A large party of men went out to search for them and, guided by a number of circling buzzards, found their bodies, scalped and stripped of clothing and weapons. When they returned and told of their discovery and of signs that indicated that Navahos were the killers, Ogota's mother whispered to her close friends that she was sure Lone Rock and I were in secret communication with prowling members of our kin and were seeking some way to enable them to make a surprise attack upon the pueblo and destroy it and its people. All the Summer People and nearly all the Winter People laughed at her fears. Of the few who believed or pretended to believe that she was right and that we should be killed or driven from the pueblo was Tetya (White Bear), the chief of the Pa (Fire) clan and Ogota's uncle. I well knew that he had hated us since the time I had struck Ogota. I realized that he was a powerful enemy, one who would lose no chance to injure me.

In this the seventh summer of our residence in Pojuoge the samayo ojki (medicine man, or shaman, of the hunt) died in his old age, and a council was held in the kiva of the Summer People to appoint his successor. This was a matter in which the clan chiefs had no voice. On a certain evening the summer cacique called the council, and it included only the members of the Patuabu, the highest of the Tewa secret orders. They were the two caciques, the tsiojke (war chief, Tsihui), the chief shaman, the poanyu, the samayo ojki and the eight delight-makers.

Lone Rock and I were sitting with Kelemana upon the roof in front of our house when the council began going to the kiva, and as one of them ascended the kiva steps I cried out my surprise: "A woman! What is she doing there?"

"Hush! She is Poanyu. She is very sacred, very close to Those Above," Kelemana replied.

"But a woman! How can a woman be

a member of this most powerful secret order?"

"Because she is as close to the Keepers of Our Lives as the chief shaman is, or even the summer cacique himself. She is keeper of the Sacred Snake."

"The Sacred Snake? What kind of snake is it? Where does she keep it? Why have I never heard of it until now?"

"Oh, hush! Not so loud!" exclaimed Kelemana, pressing her fingers upon my lips. "We do not talk about Poanyu nor the one that she cares for, because they are very sacred. Only the members of the Patuabu know where she keeps it and see it."

"But why is it kept—" "Not another question from you!" she interrupted. "I cannot answer! Nor could your father. Not even the clan chiefs know more than we do, that the snake has been for countless winters in the possession of the Patuabu, in the care of one poanyu after another, and that it has a part of some kind in their very sacred ceremonies."

"Maybe she has the snake in that sack she carries; it seems to be heavy," my brother ventured, and, turning upon him, Kelemana gave him a fierce shaking, then a loving pat, and told him to be silent.

THE members of the Patuabu were now all gathered upon the roof of the kiva. The summer cacique went to the ladder and descended to build the sacred fire. Soon thin wisps of smoke arose from the aperture, and one by one the others went down. To our ears came faintly their opening prayer song to Those Above. As always before, it made me tremble, made me feel both pleasure and pain, made me want more than all else membership in the Patuabu, highest of all Tewa orders and closest to Those Above. I leaned against Kelemana. "Mother," I said, and I had never called her that before, "mother, I want to be, I am going to be, one of the Patuabu!"

"My son! My good son!" she cried, drawing me closer to her. "At last! You call me that! Oh, I am pleased! Oh, with all my strength and all my mind I will help you to become one of them. I am your mother! Yes, I am the mother of two good sons!"

Little did we think as we sat on there in the gathering night that even then those down in the kiva were opening the way, though a very long, hard way, for me to become a member of their great order.

Presently came the woman, Poanyu, asking for Nacitima. He was visiting in the house under us, and we saw him leave it



with the messenger and go to the kiva. Again we heard, faintly, sacred singing and the beating of a sacred drum, after which there was a long silence. We dared not voice our thoughts and hopes.

The night grew chilly; we went inside, and Kelemana built a fire in the hearth. She got out her little sack of sacred meal, sprinkled some of it to the four world quarters and above and below, and prayed long and silently to Those Above. Well did Lone Rock and I know that she was asking of them the very thing that we ourselves were praying for in our poor, unlearned way. We hoped, we feared; the night wore on, and still we had no thought of sleeping. At last we heard the scuff of Nacitima's moccasins upon the roof out front. Slowly as one in a dream he came in and stood before us, big-eyed, solemn-faced and silent.

"You were selected to take the dead one's place? You are now Samayo Ojki?" Kelemana tremblingly asked.

"Yes. I was so surprised. I did not dare hope that I might be the one to take that good, wise old shaman's place. It is a heavy load that is put upon me."

"You will carry it. With your help the hunters will always be successful," Kelemana assured him.

"And you can help me; I want to become a member of the Patuabu," I said.

"All that I can do for you I shall do—and for your brother also. You well know that," he answered.

"Ha! When Tetya learns that you are now Samayo Ojki, how angry he will be!" Kelemana exclaimed.

"Yes. But he should not blame me; I did not appoint myself to the place."

"More than ever he and Ogota and all the members of the Fire clan will hate us," I said.

And I was right. Tetya—Ogota's uncle—and Nacitima had been the chief helpers of the old shaman of the hunt. They had made his prayer-sticks, attended to his comfort and carried out his orders, and Tetya had more than once said that he expected in due time to be given the old man's place. Before noon of the day following Nacitima's appointment women of the Winter People told Kelemana that Tetya was furiously angry and was saying that a man who sheltered and fed Navaho pups was not fit to be Samayo Ojki and a member of the Patuabu. A day or two later Choromama told Kelemana that Ogota had told her that no good could come of her friendship for enemy boys and had urged her to have nothing more to do with us.

NOT long after Nacitima became Samayo Ojki, Those Above gave plenty of rain to the planted fields, and, as there would be no need to irrigate them for some time to come, a number of men called upon him to lead them on a hunt. I was made very happy when he said that I could go along as his helper. I had a good bow and feathered arrows with barbed steel points and was very eager to shoot them at game larger than the rabbits about the pueblo. A party of forty of us started out early one morning, rafted our things across the river and began the ascent of the mountain range. It is, as you know, of the shape of one's hand: the palm, the high range running north and south; the fingers, the terribly deep-cut canyons running down from the heights to the Rio Grande. Nacitima had sent a messenger to Tetya to inform him when the hunters were to start and ask him to go along as chief hunter. He had angrily refused to hunt with the new samayo ojki then or ever; so Nacitima had appointed Kutowa (Stone Man), Choromama's father, to the honorable position. The two led the party, and I, close at their heels with a pack on my back containing Nacitima's prayer-sticks and other sacred things, was very proud of my place.

We climbed to the point of a wide timbered mesa between two deep, walled canyons and went southwest along it. It was pleasant traveling there in the cool shade of the tall, wide-branching pines. We soon came upon plentiful tracks of deer and elk and now and then saw a few of the animals running from us. But still we kept on and on to the southwest just as if there were no game about us. I could not understand this and at last asked Nacitima why he did not begin the hunt.

"For good reason. We have first to go to the Stone Lions," he replied.

My heart leaped. At last I was to see them, the Stone Lions of whose wonderful power I had heard so much!

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

# Marked Special

By J. W. MARSHALL

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS



"For the same reason that you would go out of your way to help anyone who needed your help." And then with a flash: "Wouldn't you, Mr. Great, Big, Cross Man?"

LITTLE MISS INGRAM, departmental clerk, class B, at eighteen hundred dollars a year, swept back the litter of documents that constituted her latest "case," and gazed upon it with a disapproving frown. It was the same old type of cases—she had grubbed through the already much-thumbed papers, verified the many-times repeated figures, condensed into a copy-book brief the typed opinions of others who had already extracted and assimilated everything of interest, and had retied the whole into a red-taped bundle of weary, dreary words for its tomb, the files. It was all so beforehand dissected, so cut-and-dried, that there was no mental nourishment in it. "A mere clerk of class E could do such work," Miss Ingram said to herself, as she regarded it scornfully.

"Brain fog?" asked a passing fellow-clerk. He stopped and looked at the papers with an appreciative grin. "Very interesting and exacting work, the law, Miss Ingram."

"That's just the trouble," retorted Miss Ingram, impatiently. "There's no chance for brain fog in cases like this; there's no opportunity even for mental exercise; there isn't a point of law in it that hasn't been threshed and rethreshed. It's nothing but—but compiling, that's what it is."

The man chuckled at her earnestness. "Pity you weren't a man, Miss Ingram, so you could handle the interesting cases!" He waited for her repartee, got none, and went chuckling back to his desk.

The truth was that Miss Ingram felt that she was being "tolerated" as a law clerk, and resented it. Six months before, after three years of grueling study and preparation, she had taken, a competitive examination for this law clerkship, and had won, over a class of seven men. She was the first woman who had ever essayed and accomplished such a thing in the department, and it was slowly being borne in upon her that she was considered somewhat in the nature of a freak. She had never been given a case that had not been handled and rehandled by other—men—clerks. In the language of the office, she was being "carried."

"It's fight to get advancement; fight and work to keep it, and then fight and harder work to win on further," she confided to the sympathetic clerk across the aisle. "And, after all, I suppose that is as it should be, though there are times when it seems as if the goal were hardly worth the struggle."

She was silent for a moment, and then her eyes snapped. "But the fight's the thing, after all, the real thing," she went on, with quickening breath. "The being in it, of it—the big fight, I mean. The— And then suddenly she was laughing and waving the girl away. "Go away!" she laughed. "Go away! I'm too talky this morning. You'll end by thinking I imagine I'm an oracle. Back to your desk!" And with a final wave at the smiling girl she fell assiduously at work.

And that work she did well, if it was only "compiling." She could find some springs of enthusiasm in it in spite of all her impatience, for she knew that, if she was to "arrive" in this, her new place, she must be ready, and abundantly ready, when opportunity should come.

So each evening, when the other clerks left, she remained for an hour or more, digging into the cases that would never come to her desk. She familiarized herself with procedure, weighed evidence and digested arguments; and at her hand she constantly kept notebook and pencil, to jot down references to other cases. These she would take at night to the law library of her old college and one by one run them down and study them. It was all a process of sharpening her tools, of working and fighting and keeping the lamp well trimmed.

The weeks rolled into months, the months into seasons, and still the opportunity did not come. By summer she was worn out and took her vacation early, in June. She needed the rest, and she wished to go back at her desk again, fresh and with sharpened wits, when the wholesale exodus began in July, the month of vacations. Then, with the office force largely depleted, the opportunity might most likely come to those who were on the ground.

It was the second week of July. Miss Ingram had returned, refreshed, eager, alert. Four of the seven law clerks were on leave, and on their desk tops disorderly piles of cases that could wait were accumulating. The remaining three were working overtime. Miss Ingram did all the "compiling." On Tuesday morning the Chief came in from his room; in his hand he held a packet of papers tied with red tape. He stopped at the

first desk; the man looked up, shook his head in pleading dissent and waving a comprehensive hand above his already heaped-up desk. The Chief proceeded to the next; the man threw up both hands, crossing the fingers in comical sign that he couldn't be "it." He jerked his head back toward Miss Ingram. The Chief hesitated, pursing his lips, and then, with a manner of doing the best he could, under the circumstances, he approached Miss Ingram's desk and upon it placed the packet.

"Marked 'Special,' as you will notice, Miss Ingram. The legal representatives of the firm are coming on Friday morning to argue the case. You will notice that the importations in question are held by the department to be undervalued, but, unfortunately, we have no positive proof. Nor can we, it seems, in the absence of one witness."

"That witness was one of the foremen of this firm, who had special charge of their manufacture. He was discharged six months ago and is supposed to have come to this country to go into business for himself. It has been impossible to locate him, if he is in the United States, and without his deposition our hands are tied, even though we are morally sure that there has been gross undervaluation."

"Mr. Fardon has been handling this," the Chief continued. "In his absence you will have to do the best you can with it. Go through the papers and compose a recommendation that the case be dropped. It's the best we can do, but I'm sorry, for such recommendations have gone in all too frequently of late. The Secretary is manifesting some irritation. What we need here is a law clerk with some initiative, a sixth sense for this work, but you can't get them in eighteen-hundred-dollar packages."

He smiled, a little wearily, at his joke, including in it, with a deprecating wave of his hand, the whole law division, and returned to his room.

MISS INGRAM stared listlessly at the tape-tied packet. As the Chief had placed it upon her desk her whole being had tensed itself in anticipation of the opportunity it might contain. And then, as he had recited its substance, she leaned despairingly back in her chair. Miss Ingram's heart was sick. It was just another case of compilation, according to directions.

Mechanically she untied the tape and spread out the papers, invoices, sworn statements, declarations, depositions, and endless pages of description of materials and processes. Then once more she leaned back in her chair. The Chief had wished for a law clerk with a sixth sense! She tried to formulate a definition. A sixth sense! After a half-hour of thinking the best she could do was: "Undivided interest and enthusiasm for the work in hand. And that," she said to herself, "should generate initiative." She commenced on the case.

That afternoon, as she grubbed away, with undivided interest, but with slow-coming enthusiasm, the law clerk at the desk ahead arose, stretched himself and sauntered over.

"Hello! So that's the case, is it?" he laughed, after a moment of quick scrutiny. "I've seen that before; another one where the department's contention is lost through lack of evidence. I'm glad your initials go on that case instead of mine. Not that I'm wishing you any ill luck," he added, magnanimously; "but I understand the Secretary's getting warm about so many cases being lost by default. And what do you think! He says they wouldn't be if they came to us in civil life, and we were working to build up successful practices. According to him, we're rusty in here, and need some new blood with a little live imagination mixed in with the corpuses."

He chuckled at the Secretary's remedy, and poked among the papers with a derisive forefinger. "Suppose you stir in a few 'imaginative corpuses,' Miss Ingram!" he said as he went chuckling back to his desk.

Miss Ingram did not chuckle. It began to look as if she were going to be a scapegoat. Lines of trouble wrinkled her brow as she bent again over the papers. By night she had gone through them all and had a clear grasp of the case as it had been worked up. That there was undervaluation seemed certain, and yet complete proof was wanting. The office was deserted, it was growing dark; she closed her desk and went home.

But she did not relax; her thoughts were busy with the papers on her desk. She ate her dinner, went back to her room, and for two hours sat with her head in her hands, cudgeling her brain for a point, a spark of imagination, a deduction, upon which she might attack from a new angle. And she found none. The nub of the whole case was the foreman's special knowledge, and he had

that with him, wherever he was. If he had come to this country, he was seemingly swallowed up in its hundred millions; if he was still abroad—well, he might just as well be, for they had not found him.

As she stood before the mirror to undo her hair, she found herself smiling at that foreman's name; it was one to conjure with, under the circumstances—"Missing!" He was Missing sure enough. She had never known of a person bearing that name, never. It was worthy of a Dickens—Mr. Fang, the police magistrate; Tom Pinch, Mr. Grimwig; Pyke and Pluck—wait! She laid down the comb. Missing—Missing—and then suddenly she had it: "Failing & Missing!" She had seen it displayed above a shop entrance in the very city where she had spent her vacation, not six weeks before, and had laughed at it then, she had thought it so "Dickensy." She picked up the comb, and then dropped it abruptly. Was it possible? Could he be the man? She drew in her breath sharply as she remembered that the shop was a manufactory, in a small way, of the same type of articles that were at issue in the suit. He was! She believed it! He was the discharged foreman! And she might—She lowered herself weakly into a chair at the bigness of the thought.

SHE never could tell whether she slept that night for one hour, one minute, or not at all. She was up a dozen times to strike matches over her watch. At daybreak she dressed and packed a small handbag. At breakfast she ordered coffee and rolls, and forgot to eat the rolls. She reached the department nearly an hour before the doors were opened and spent the longest hour and a half of her life eagerly watching the entrances to intercept her Chief. When she finally descried him and bore down upon him, bag in hand, he stood stock still and planted his feet well apart as if he were about to be run down.

"Please, sir, grant me two days' leave—I saved two for Christmas, you know—and please fix it up without my going in, for I've only twenty-four minutes to catch a train. And oh! I beg your pardon—good morning! But I'm in such a hurry, and I haven't a moment—"

"Some of your family ill, Miss Ingram?" the Chief broke in, his voice at once sympathetic and soothing.

"No—no, sir; but it's awfully important—and, you're going to grant it, aren't you?"

"But, Miss Ingram, that special case on your desk?"

"It'll be ready on time! I promise. I give you my— She shut her watch with a snap. "If I'm to go, I must fly!"

"Well, well, Miss Ingram! It's all very unusual, of course, but—"

But, Miss Ingram, expressing her thanks in one gasping word, was already skipping for the car at the corner to catch her train.

And then, in the inaction of the next few hours, as the train crept along, her enthusiasm oozed out and left in its place a frightful emptiness. She had been borne along on the excitement of a first wild hope—a grasped-at straw. To her the name had seemed unusual, but there might be communities in this vast country where it abounded. And what a picture—a hundred-pound girl before a possible towering, strange giant, asking if he were the man she sought! Just one atom of sense had she exhibited—she had not told the Chief her errand.

Nevertheless, as she stepped from the train at four o'clock, the excitement returned. A chance was a chance, when it meant so much. She remembered the locality of the shop perfectly. There was the sign: "Failing & Missing," and it was new; no year of storms had deadened its freshness. She lifted the latch excitedly and stepped inside.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Missing," She asked it of a greasy man, in greasy denim and a greasy paper cap, who was loading iron bolts into a barrow.

"Which one, ma'am?" he asked with a grin. "There's three of 'em here, all told."

Miss Ingram hesitated, disconcerted, considered for three swift seconds and determined on a bold stroke. "The one who was a foreman abroad."

The man gave her a quick glance, and his features hardened till the very grease seemed to congeal. He wheeled, without a word, and slouched off toward the rear of the shop.

For many minutes she anxiously awaited his return, straining her eyes to penetrate the gloom at the shop's rear; and then she was startled by a voice directly behind her. "Well! What's wanted? I'm Missing."

Swiftly she turned, and then drew back, for there, so close that she might have touched him, towered the most tremendous bulk she

had ever seen moulded into the shape of man. Huge arms, bared to the elbow, hung loosely from mighty shoulders. His great neck supported a giant's head, the deep-set eyes of which glared down on her in fierce suspicion. Yet, in spite of the bulk, his tread must have been catlike, for she had heard no sound till he spoke. Evidently he had slipped round from behind to scrutinize his strange caller before making himself known.

"Well! Out with it!" And then, with a gulp, Miss Ingram gathered herself, and stated her errand. Would he come with her and make the statement?

"No!" It was a bellow. "Trouble enough I've had with they folks. Do they mind their business, and I'll mind mine."

Patiently she reexplained; it was for the department's use, not his former employers'. "No! I tell you no!"

She tried to think. Clearly, in his present surly, stubborn, suspicious mood he would do nothing. Could she get behind that mood? "Mr. Missing, will you believe me when I say that no trouble can come to you through doing what I ask?"

"Humph! And what good will it do me? Answer me that, miss."

And like a flash she took the opening. "Not a bit in the world, but it will help me."

He blinked, uncertainly, at the frank acknowledgment. Then: "So-ho! And why, young lady, should I go out of my way to help you?"

"For the same reason that you would go out of your way to help anyone who needed your help; I'm sure, if you could honestly give it." And then, with a flash: "Wouldn't you, Mr. Great, Big, Cross Man?"

He gasped. She repeated her challenge. And then, suddenly, a half-denying, half-sheepish grin was answering her frankly saucy smile. He shrugged his mighty shoulders, as if throwing off some persisting suspicion. It was a sign of voluntary surrender.

"Well spoken, young lady," a little grimly. "And if I wouldn't, I should, and that's a fact. Maybe if a chap was come at the right way he would, always. Just you go ahead and tell me again what you want, and I'll do it this time, I'll be bound."

She extended her hand. He advanced his, then withdrew it, shaking his head apologetically at its grime.

"If you please?" she insisted. "Dirt will wash off; what's on many a white one won't." And her hand ached for a week after.

And so, after a "clean-up," she led him to the nearest notary. And two hours thereafter she had the deposition safe in her bag. The crushed hand was recrushed, and, thenceforth carrying the bag in her left, she hurried off to the station.

She had done better than she had hoped. She could now catch a night train and be back in the office in the morning.

As she walked, bright-eyed, into the office the next day at ten o'clock, she had many times to repeat her laughing replies of "No, none of my family has been ill; I have not been ill myself," and "I have been out of town on business." And, as she again thanked the Chief, she forestalled his curious interest by mysteriously stating that she would "tell you all about it tomorrow."

ALL that day she spent in going over and over the case, making sure that no point was unestablished, no contention unanswered, no small details unattended to. And at four o'clock she arranged the papers—as she had arranged them a dozen times in the preceding half-hour—in their orderly sequence, retied them with bright, new tape, and closed her desk. The case was ready.

And yet, when she should have slept soundly, after the two nights of broken rest, she did not. The preceding forty-eight hours of excitement, the trip, the interview with the big foreman, she lived over again as she

tossed. She became torn by doubt; apprehensive lest what had been so swiftly accomplished might be incomplete after all. It seemed that the moment she did finally doze off she was again wide-awake, and it was nearly eight o'clock.

She dressed quickly, allowed herself ten minutes for breakfast, and hurried away to the office. Feverishly she reopened the packet and went over the deposition, comparing, verifying and proving again. And, as she retied the tape, the Chief, with the Secretary's messenger, came down for the case.

"Your initials, Miss Ingram," said the Chief, after a hasty glance; "you have forgotten them." And then, as she nervously supplied the final "J. L. I.," the Chief, bending over her shoulder, exclaimed in astonishment: "What?"

Miss Ingram looked up, thrust the packet into the waiting messenger's hand and fixed the Chief with beseeching eyes. "It's all right! And please let it go in just as it is. I'll explain it all to you now."

His keen eyes held hers for a moment. He nodded to the messenger to go. "Step up to my desk," he said to Miss Ingram. "Quick!" he spoke crisply, as he dropped into his chair. "What caused you to recommend that the case be pressed? I may be called in for conference at any moment."

Miss Ingram was quite deliberate. Why should she not enjoy her moment of triumph? "I recommended that the case be pressed," she announced, evenly, "because it is now fully sustained. The missing foreman has been found!"

The Chief stared. His features relaxed in an expression of astonishment and incredulity. "But how? Where?" bewilderedly. "Who?" He broke off abruptly, for the Secretary's messenger stood at his elbow.

"J. L. I., if you please. The Secretary requires the presence of the clerk 'J. L. I.' at once." Miss Ingram's heart jumped.

The Chief shot her an imploring look. "Say nothing you cannot fully substantiate, Miss Ingram," he whispered. "Be sure, be very sure, of that." And, with her face gone suddenly pale, she gave him an excited nod and went fluttering after the messenger.

The two legal representatives of the firm in the case were seated at the side of the Secretary's desk. One nervously passed and repassed a hand through his hair, the other had both hands planted upon his knees, as if in support. The Secretary was reading aloud from her brief. As she advanced, all three looked up.

"You sent for me, Mr. Secretary," she managed to say. "I am 'J. L. I.'—Miss Ingram."

The two men gaped at the Secretary. The Secretary was gravely regarding Miss Ingram. His was a face that did not easily betray surprise.

"Where did this come from, Miss Ingram?" holding out the deposition.

"From Mr. Missing, Mr. Secretary."

"How?"

"I got it, Mr. Secretary."

"You! When? Explain, please."

As she explained, she was aware that the Secretary was watching her narrowly. She saw the passive expression in his eyes change to interest, from interest to approbation, and finally a smile played all about their corners. As she finished he arose from his chair and extended his hand.

"J. L. I.—Miss Ingram, I congratulate you. Gentlemen," turning to the two, "allow me to introduce to you, Miss Ingram, who has, I am sure you will agree, quite cut the ground from under your feet. Miss Ingram, gentlemen, I may say, embodies my ideal of what a law clerk in this department should be."

Again he extended his hand and then remained standing while she passed, blushing, through the swinging door.

POTTS, engineer, says that a railroad man always must expect the unexpected. If he's looking for a landslide, he is sure to pitch through a broken culvert; and if he expects an open switch or a loose rail, the side-bar of his engine may snap and thresh the cab into scrap-iron and kindling wood. It is this uncertainty, which lies always in the darkness just beyond the point where the headlight gleams on the rails, that furrows lines about the engineer's mouth and brings the worn look to his eyes. There is one exception to this general rule. If you meet a train of tanks, says Potts, expect trouble and don't stop expecting it until you clear it by a mile. And when Potts gives this advice he speaks from dear experience.

It was past midnight when Potts came out of Galesburg, pulling the Chicago express from Burlington. There was a full moon, making the whole country almost as bright as day, and the September air was warm and sweet with the smell of the woods. Harrison, the fireman, was swinging the black mouth of the fire-box and shoveling in the coal. Potts, with his left hand resting carelessly on the throttle lever, leaned out of the cab-window and wished that all night runs might be made in nights like this. Under him quivered the great steel being whom he had grown to love as a friend, and behind him trailed the long, dark, voiceless train. There were eleven cars in all, four baggage-cars, three day coaches, three sleepers and a mail-car, the heaviest train on the road. Packed away inside of them were two hundred and fifty persons or more, bound eastward from Burlington, Omaha, Denver and the Far West. They dozed or droned, secure in their faith that the steady but unknown hand that guided the engine would somehow bring them safe into Chicago.

At the blinking of the Altona semaphore Potts drew down on the whistle lever, and the engine gave one long cheer for the little town which it intended to pass with no other notice. As the train slowed to schedule speed a few straggling buildings came up suddenly into the moonlight, stood for a moment in plain view and then darted backward again into the darkness. Altona was passed with a clear track and a long up-grade ahead. A mile eastward blinked a semaphore, white and safe, and to its left, close down to the track, there were three other lights, one large one and two smaller ones.

"Tramp freight," said Potts to himself, as he saw the lights of the stranger slowly brighten. There was no need of further reducing speed. It was double track all the way, and the passenger must make time. On such

## How Potts Saved the Night Express (A True Story)

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Illustrated by RODNEY THOMSON

a night as this there could be no possibility of danger—the two trains would slip by each other with the usual shrieks of friendly greeting. So Potts thought, expecting the expected.

An ordinary engineer might have rested on his arm pad and left the throttle wide open; but Potts leaned suddenly farther out, peering with wrinkled face up the track. Behind the headlight of the freight he saw

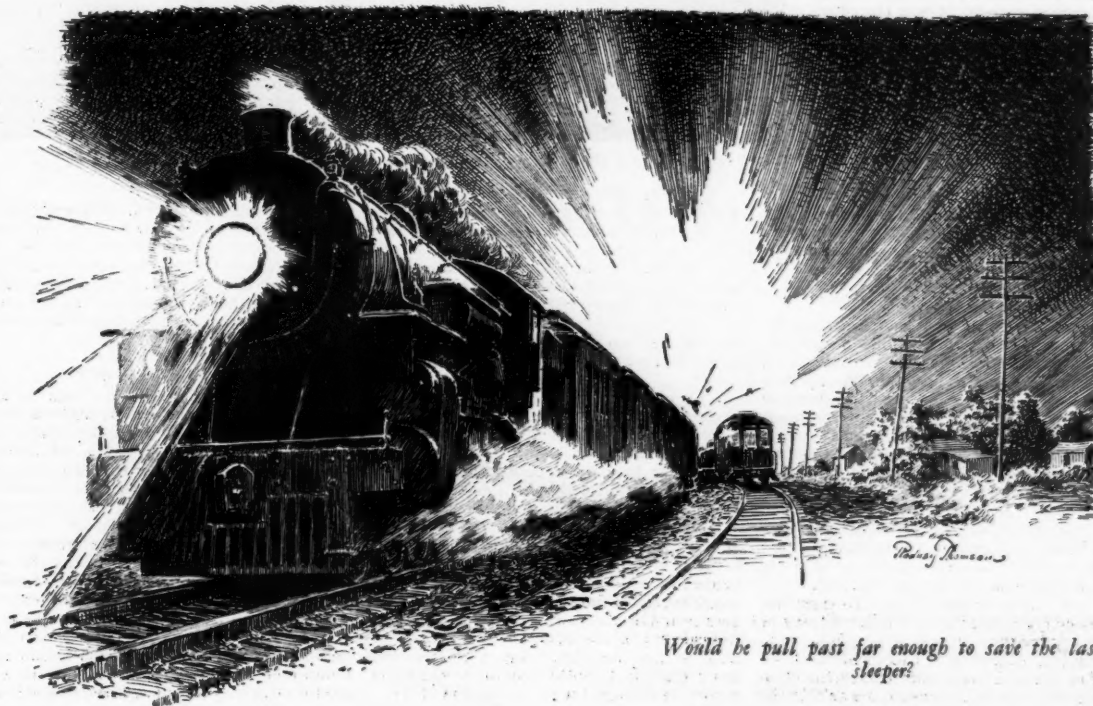
the dark hulks of the box-cars half shrouded in smoke from the engine stack. Behind them a long chain of tank-cars filled with gasoline, naphtha and kerosene were dimly outlined in the moonlit distance. To the engineer they looked as they moved like a continuous black cylinder.

"It's a long train," he muttered.

Then as his quick eye traveled again from the yellow eye of the headlight back to the

green lantern on the far away caboose he saw with a sudden sinking of the heart that the train was much too long. He knew that somewhere in the middle a coupling ring had broken and the front end of the train with the engine was roaring down the grade with the rear end resistlessly pursuing it. Sooner or later, unless the freight crew manned the brakes, there must be a terrible collision.

In the face of sudden danger an engineer's first impulse is to stop his train. Potts sprang back to his place. He threw the throttle forward and drew back the quivering reverse lever. Then his hand closed on the brass handle that controlled the air-brake. There was a deafening hissing and cracking, and the brake-indicator dropped from 70 to 65 to 60 in two seconds. The wheels underneath whipped up a fountain of sparks, and the sleepers in their berths turned and grumbled at being disturbed. Most difficult to believe,



Would he pull past far enough to save the last sleeper?

all these events had taken place within the bounds of a long breath. Now there were three biting shrieks of the whistle—Potts's cry of warning to the freight engineer that his train was broken: Harrison, the fireman, who well knew the meaning of the signal, sprang to his window on the left. His hair blew loose in the back draft.

"The break is among the tanks," he shouted, as he saw the approaching freight.

The cab was dark except for the shaded light at the indicator, but Harrison saw the engineer nod grimly, and again the three warning whistles cut the night air. He must do his best to warn the crew of the freight. But the tank train continued to advance. Its engineer either failed to hear the signal or else its fearful significance did not impress him. From hauling tanks he had grown callous to the perversities of tanks. He knew well enough, had he stopped to think, that a collision meant an explosion—and such an explosion as would put to shame a powder mill.

Suddenly Harrison drew in his head. "She's slowing up to take water," he said sharply.

For a moment the engineer was undecided. In a few seconds time he would be opposite the broken freight. The stopping of its detached front end would hasten the collision. His train had only partly slackened its terrific speed, although the air-indicator trembled at 55. If he waited to stop and back and there were a collision, what would become of his train? He already saw in a flash of imagination the fiery burst of the explosion, the heaps of crushed cars, tangled and twisted irons, with burning oil spluttering over them; and he heard the agonized cries of the pas-

sengers pinned to their death under the wrecked sleepers.

But the momentary excitement of the discovery passed. Potts stood six feet one, in his stockings and he weighed 220 pounds. There was nerve in every inch of him. Besides, he knew the huge, black, breathing being under him, and he had confidence in her. He shut off the air-brake.

"Coal her up," he shouted to Harrison.

"But you can't run by—there isn't time—"

"Coal her up," roared the voice again, and the engineer's huge height loomed up in the doorway at the right of the cab. His hair was loose and his face was smutty. He knew the risk of the attempt to drive his train past the danger point. He knew it might cost him his life, and he had a wife and baby at home in Burlington; but his hand never wavered.

Open came the throttle, the whistle screeched, and the engine leaped forward as if it fully appreciated the need of effort. Again the sleepers in the palace cars grumbled at being shaken up. They were fond of their ease, and it was not difficult to find fault.

Harrison, the fireman, bent steadily from tender to fire-pit, and each time he bent the flames glowed more fiercely, while the inspirator pumped the water steadily into the huge boiler. All this happened within the space of a dozen seconds. At such a time an engineer must act as he thinks. A second lost may cost a hundred lives.

The head of the freight lowered now alongside. Potts caught a glimpse of its engineer leaning lazily out of his window, unconscious of impending disaster. The detached end of the freight, as Potts saw it now,

was well down the grade, rushing straight for the front end with terrific speed. The roar and jar of its wheels was faintly audible above the sound of his own train. Fifty thousand gallons of inflammable oil soon to collide with another fifty thousand gallons—and then!

POTTS put on sand. The engine started forward more swiftly, its wheels biting the track with a firmer grip at every second of their progress. The throttle was now wide open. From the stack belched a fierce fountain of sparks and the bell jangled continually.

"She'll do it; she'll do it; she'll do it," says Potts to the beating rhythm of the piston-rod.

The engineer knew the creature he was driving. He heard her pant with the exertion, he saw the flames belching from her nostrils, he heard her clamoring hoofs, he heard the "squeak, squeak" of a spot where the harness was wearing, and he urged her to bear the pain until they were safe again. The first half of the freight had now beaten past; there was the long flash of the open space soon to be filled with the wreck, and then tank-cars again, the tank-cars of the flying end of the train, reeling forward faster than one can count. Then a streak of green light, and Potts knew that his engine was clear of the caboose. But would he pull past far enough to save the last sleeper?

All this time the passengers slept quietly. The conductor was lounging in the baggage-car, and the brakeman was joking with the newsboy. No one knew of the danger save the two quiet, stern men in the engine-cab. And in the twenty seconds which elapsed

since Potts first scented danger they lived a year.

Without warning there followed a terrific crash. The freight train came together, and far in the air a great splash of fire glowed bright against the black sky. Halfway down as the exploded tank-car fell, hissing with flame, it met another and another. The explosions shook the earth, blew great holes in the road bed, tore away the sanded rails over which the passenger had just thundered, hurled the sleepers from their berths, jarred out the lights and swayed the fifty-ton Pullmans as if they had been cardboard play-houses.

Potts, dripping with perspiration, sank weakly to his seat. The train had come to a standstill, safe. The engine breathed intermittently as if exhausted with its race. The conductor came up on the run white of face, and held up his lantern.

"It was a narrow escape," he said.

And Potts, the engineer, smiled in his face. He laid his hand caressingly on the huge black side of the engine as if he feared it had been strained.

"We're behind two minutes, now," he said calmly, as if being on time was the most important thing in the world.

A mile back the tank train was going up car after car like a bunch of giant firecrackers. The oil was blazing on the houses of the town, and the panic-stricken engineer of the freight was escaping up the track with his detached engine and a few of the box cars. In all, thirteen tanks of oil were exploded, two buildings were burned, and a man was killed. But the Chicago express was saved.

They thanked Potts—that was all.

WHEN Robert Stanton, in 1890, resumed his tragically interrupted voyage through the Grand Canyon he found the body of Peter Hausbrough, one of the boatmen lost in the culminating disaster at the fall to which the Geological Survey expedition gave the name of Cave Rapid. The engineer's diary tells how the battered remains were buried at the foot of a tall cliff that he named Point Hausbrough, and of how they pushed on, leaving the body to rest with a seven-hundred-foot shaft of pure marble for its headstone.

Although Stanton's estimates of distances varied somewhat from the exact figures established by the survey, we had no difficulty identifying the bold sheer front of Point Hausbrough.

Landing on a broad sand bar to the right, we climbed down to find that a geyser was formed by a mass of water thirty feet in diameter tossed skyward where the rapid struck fairly and squarely against a huge block of limestone planted directly athwart its course. This was a new rapid formed by a recent cave-in. It was the scene of one of the strangest accidents in the history of Colorado Canyon navigation.

As we halted in the camp under Point Hausbrough for two nights to observe the day of President Harding's funeral, of which we had learned by radio, we had ample opportunity to reconnoiter this baffling rapid. With the geyser from the rock tossing from ten to fifteen feet in the air, and with the whirlpool behind the great barrier depressed at least ten, it was plainly no place to allow a boat to upset or get out of control.

### Running Cave Rapid

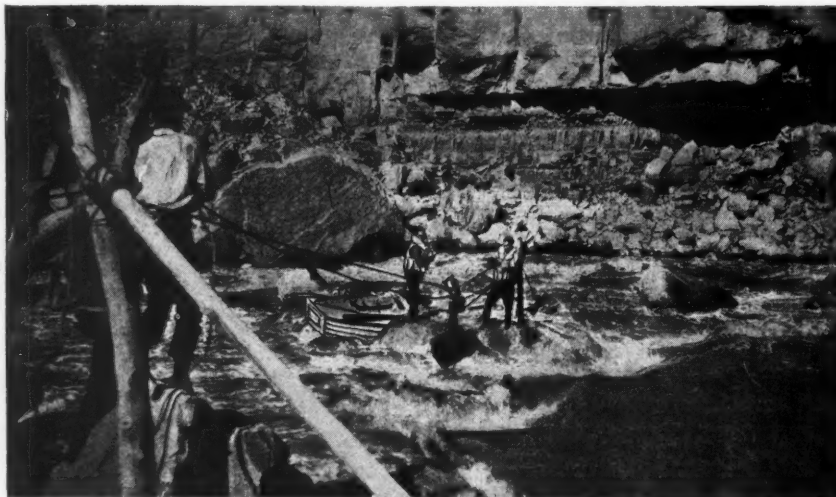
The first two boats were knocked sideways as they ran the gauntlet, but missed the whirlpool by a good margin. The Glen, running third, was not so lucky. Following close behind with the Grand, I saw it drop out of sight over the brink of the chute, to reappear an instant later, apparently standing on its side almost at the top of the foam fountain above the great rock. Higher still, and turning a complete somersault in the air as if tossed from a blanket, its boatman fluttered in silhouette against the sun-streaked golden cliff. Then boat and man disappeared, leaving in my mind the impression that they had been sucked down into the whirlpool.

I was too busy myself for the next few seconds trying to avoid a similar display of aerial gymnastics to follow just what was happening. However, as I teetered along the edge of the whirlpool, after taking the regular sideswipe from the geyser, I was relieved to note that there was nothing but a drift-

## Through the Dragon's Teeth

By LEWIS R. FREEMAN

### Chapter III. UPSETS AND CRASHES



A boat of the survey party stranded on a midstream boulder in Cataract Rapid

wood log in the whirlpool. In an eddy a hundred yards below I found Blake bailing the Glen. It had missed overturning by a hair and the edge of the whirlpool by about the same distance. Its boatman had flown farther but fared no worse. Overtaking his boat by swimming, he had climbed in, replaced a lost oar and worked into the eddy, where I found him getting rid of half a cockpitful of water.

Camp location was always an important matter. Safety, comfort and convenience were the principal essentials. It was never considered wise, for instance, to pitch camp upon a bar that appeared likely to be swept by a cloudburst flood from a side canyon or by a sudden rise of the main river.

A scalable cliff to which to attach one end of the radio antenna was always a point in favor of a site. The other end was usually made fast to a long cottonwood or willow trunk set up in the sand or among the boulders near the camp. It was frequently very difficult to give the antenna the proper direction on Los Angeles, whence we received most readily, because the only attainable points on the cliffs were out of line.

Never at any time, even when the canyon

walls were rearing a full mile above our heads in the vicinity of El Tovar, were there any difficulties in receiving, directly traceable to the fact that the ether waves had to come to us in a deep depression. Conditions gradually improved as the air cooled and quieted down for the night, and were at the best well along toward midnight.

### Through a Storm

Perhaps the most spectacular run of the whole voyage was the one we made down a long, winding rapid a few miles above the head of the Granite Gorge. We ran several rapids with a greater fall than the twenty-one feet of this roaring crescent of tumbling water, and many that were more dangerous; but nowhere on the voyage did we run under such stirring conditions. By a strange and remarkable coincidence three of the greatest of the elemental forces of nature combined to beat the charge for our attack. This was the way it happened:

Going down to reconnoiter the savage half-circle of broken water, we found just above the head an enormous pile of dry driftwood, many acres in extent, to which we set fire. This was done because, being four

days ahead of time, we hoped that the flames or smoke might be seen from the rim and be understood as a signal that we were approaching the foot of the Hance Trail, and that our supply train should be hastened there to meet us. In the hour that elapsed before our usual mental chart of the rapid was complete and the decision to run had been arrived at, the blaze had spread to half of the pile and was throwing up a cloud of black smoke to mingle with the scarcely less inky storm clouds rolling along the mile-high rim.

All the morning thunderstorms had been booming above the plateaus to the north, culminating in a number of heavy cloudbursts. The shimmer of thousands of tons of water, falling in solid masses, had been seen on the sides of cloud-impaling pinnacles several times during the morning, and it was the accumulated flood of these discharges that came down the river in a succession of great foaming waves just as we pushed off all four units of our flotilla to run together. The river rose several feet in a few minutes, picking up all the drift logs in reach and drawing them out into a current already black with their wallowing mates. To cap the climax a sooty pall of thunder cloud, failing in its attempt to commit suicide by dashing its head off against a castellated butte behind the north rim, accomplished the same purpose by falling a mile into the depths of the gorge.

That was surely a terrifying run. With the sunlight completely cut off by smoke and the storm clouds, the rapid was wrapped in a darkness almost Stygian. Above and below it a green sulphurous light filtered down through the fringes of the thunderheads, but the rapid itself we ran with only the spitting of the lightning and the murky glare of the leaping flames to show the way. Nor was it by any means a place to put into blindly and run like a bull at a gate. The fall of twenty-one feet was concentrated mostly in the first hundred yards. At the head the forming barrier was peppered full of rocks, with only a narrow and tortuous channel by which a boat could thread its way through. Immediately below that the full force of the current drove far under an overhanging cliff, to be rolled back in enormous reflux waves. At two or three places this line of combers, bad enough in itself, was broken by slides of rocks jutting out from the cliffs like supporting bulkheads. There was room to pull away from these if nothing went wrong and the boat was kept under control, but a broken oar or rowlock inevitably meant that a boat could not avoid being fed into the maw of the dragon. Water full of plunging logs



Hermit Rapid, showing the head of a very rough stretch of water.

did not tend to make navigation less precarious; it was harder to strike an oar blade into solid current, easier to break it at the end of the stroke. Nor was a half-ton battering ram of spruce or cottonwood a thing in itself to be lightly regarded.

Two striking pictures stand out in my recollection of that charged interval of two or three minutes in which we drifted down toward the head of the rapid, fighting to keep the cross blast of the wind from blowing the boats away from the funnel that they had to enter to avoid trouble. One was of a cameo-clear group of three or four deer standing frozen with wonder as if mounted for exhibition in a museum. The next was of the same animals disappearing in a cloud of hoof-tossed gravel across the sloping bench looped by the bend of the rapid. Then one after the other the boats dropped over the brink, each in turn almost exactly in the right place. It was that lucky start which carried us through.

It was not until we were right in among the tossing rollers that the roar of the rapid grew loud enough to drown that of the crackling flames. Heavier than both were almost continuous detonations of the batteries of the thunder, every crash following hard upon a lightning flash and being multiplied a hundredfold by the echoes of the cavernous gorge. Blinded and drenched by tossing water and pelting rain, I was so busy with my oars as to be conscious of the other boats only as something in the nature of blown leaves fluttering upon the torn surface of the rapid. But all four won through the rocky fall without striking or breaking an oar, and the rest was just a long hard ding-dong pull against the in-draw under the cliff.

#### A "Most Fearful Place"

After that memorable run we had action just about every mile of the way to Hance Rapid, where we met the supply train, and the sinister Upper Granite Gorge, which had given so much trouble in the past.

We entered the head of the Upper Granite Gorge with caution and not without anxiety. The early voyagers had had most of their worst troubles, in these dark sheer-walled depths, where there were neither bars nor ledges along which boats could be portaged or lined down. Dellenbaugh, who was in Powell's boat on the second voyage, gives a graphic picture of the "Sockdolager," the fall which the pioneer explorer rated as by far the most dangerous in the Grand Canyon. He writes:

"We could look down on one of the most fearful places I ever saw, or ever hope to see under such circumstances—a place that might have been the Gate to Hell that

Steward had mentioned. We were near the beginning of a tremendous fall. The narrow river dropped suddenly and smoothly away, and then, beaten to a foam, plunged and boomed for a third of a mile through a descent of from eighty to a hundred feet, the enormous waves leaping twenty or thirty feet in the air and sending spray twice as high. On each side were the steep, rugged granitic walls, with the tumultuous waters lashing and pounding against them in a way that precluded all idea of a portage or let down."

We found it quite as impossible to climb around the "Sockdolager" as had all of our predecessors, but the fall was much less than the first explorers had estimated. The waves were far larger than any we had seen before, but with no rocks sticking up to give them teeth running was simply a matter of putting in and riding

through. A boat might be upset, but a smash could come only from being carried against one of the projecting points, and the set of the main current was not very violent against these. We had to carry all hands, of course, but it was a wonderful, exhilarating and not especially dangerous ride they had.

Horn Creek Rapid, with a fluted rock at its head throwing a great flat semi-circular wave curiously like a revolving buzz-saw, lived up to the ominous suggestion of the strange symbol. Kolb had a part of the gunwale torn from his boat by an oar wrenched from his grasp in a swirl, and the Glen received a bad banging from the rocks along a bad whirlpool into which it was carried. Below the first section of Granite Falls the Grand was swept into a terrific eddy before I had had a chance to bail the cockpit, half filled in my run. It was all of fifteen minutes before I was able to pull my half-swamped boat out of the infernal hole and run the second fall, much to the amusement of my passengers, watching from the bank.

#### Wiped Out?

Our adventure at Lava Falls, the occasion on which the papers circulated so many sensational reports of the party's being wiped out in the greatest flood of recent years, was largely owing to the fact that our radio was out of order and so failed to pick up the many messages warning us of the coming high water. The water rose nearly twenty-five feet almost overnight. One boat was saved by hauling it up the cliff with block and tackle; the others by pushing off in the dark, running the tail of the rapid and feeling our way in across the head of another to a beach upon which there was room to haul them. It was four days before the waters receded sufficiently to allow the boats to be launched again, and even then it was into a practically continuous rapid, miles in length, out of which it was possible to pull the boats for landings only with the greatest difficulty.

A few days later the river line of the survey was tied into a line run from the foot of the canyon by Burchard in 1920, thus giving him the distinction of having operated the instrument for the whole of the Colorado from Lee Ferry to Needles. This event marked the completion of the mapping of the last to be surveyed of the great rivers of the United States. The success of the expedition was very largely owing to the careful preparations made for the work by the Geological Survey, and especially by Colonel Birdseye. The rest of the journey to Needles we made at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day, much of it driving before a rare and unexpected down-river wind.

THE END.

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### FACT AND COMMENT

**AMBITION** often arises more from the fear of being surpassed than from the desire to surpass others.

**THE MARCH** of triumphant femininity continues. A woman has won the clam-eating honors from a large field of male competitors in Rhode Island, home of the clambake. The heavy-weight pugilistic championship is the only title that seems entirely safe in the hands, or the fists, of the men.

**DOES THE EXTRAORDINARY CROWD** of people who gathered to look on the dead face of Rudolph Valentino mean that a motion-picture actor is the most admired of modern celebrities? Or was the motive only that of curiosity to get one look at a face familiar on the screen to millions, but actually seen in life by very few of them?

**COURAGE, ENDURANCE, DETERMINATION** all go to the making of a flying man. Think of Lieutenant Bettis, wrecked with his plane among the Pennsylvania mountains, crawling with a broken leg and a doubly broken jaw through five miles of forest and underbrush to the road where he was found by a passing motorist. Only those who know by experience what the pain of a broken leg, roughly moved, means can fully appreciate the dogged, unconquerable will-power that made that terrible journey possible. Unhappily, the brave man did not survive his injuries.

### MONEY IN POLITICS

**SENATOR BORAH** is right in warning his fellow-citizens that one of the greatest dangers that threaten democratic government here in the United States is the unlimited use of money in elections. When something like three million dollars is spent in a campaign to determine a party nominee for the United States Senate in Pennsylvania, and more than a million in a similar contest in Illinois, it is time for Americans to consider what sort of political structure such expenditures are intended to erect at Washington, and how much confidence they can feel in the disinterested public service of men so nominated.

Eternal vigilance is the only attitude that we can safely take toward the use of money in politics. Some must of course be used, but the temptation to spend it illegitimately and for concealed purposes is so great that politicians and business men who have a personal interest in legislation will often yield to that temptation unless public opinion on the subject is healthy and active. Those who remember how much was expected of the direct-primary system as a means of purifying politics, and who now observe how, in certain states, these primary elections have become the chief occasions for the expenditure of extravagant sums of money, will conclude that no system of nominations is of itself of value in putting an end to political corruption. The direct primary has worked well in some states, badly in others. It cannot be said that on the whole it has produced any abler or better-qualified candidates for office than the old convention system. And if it has not, the reason is doubtless the unwillingness of the voters to take their new responsibility seriously, their rather cynical indifference to the use of money, and their frequent

tendency to vote for candidates who are fluent in their promises rather than for those whose character and public record are their only recommendations.

It is not probable, however, that the direct primary will be abandoned except perhaps in a few states where it has conspicuously failed. It is not common for the mass of the people to surrender any political power they have assumed except under revolutionary conditions. But there ought to be a genuine revolt of the people against the lavish use of money in primary or general elections, and that revolt ought to express itself in really severe corrupt practice acts, modelled perhaps on the British laws, which are more stringent than any that we now have. Such corrupt-practice acts are necessary; every legislature ought to pass them. But do not forget that no law is worth much unless it has an aroused and earnest public sentiment behind it. The final responsibility for bridling political corruption rests with the citizens themselves—with the men and women who elect public officials, and who either hold their representatives to their duty or by their neglect permit them to abuse and trade in their authority.

### AS TO AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS

**THAT** part of the world which is interested in games—much the larger part of the world it is, too—had just accustomed itself to thinking of the more or less famous "Red" Grange as a professional football player when it was startled by the news that the same enterprising business man who promoted Mr. Grange's transformation had persuaded the internationally famous tennis star Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen to turn her athletic skill into good American dollars. A great many people are wondering whether this new enterprise will be really profitable to the promoter. Tennis professionals are rare, and tennis enthusiasts are, more than any other lovers of sport, suspicious of professionalism. But Mlle. Lenglen, if we understand the situation, will get her money anyway, and she may be able to earn enough to give her manager a profit too, if her temperament, which is as famous as she is, does not run away with her.

It is inevitable that in any society which cares as much about entertainment and about outdoor sport as this in which we live there will be a great deal of professional playing. So long as the professionals conduct their games cleanly, honestly, and with the idea of giving the public their best, there is no great objection to them. There are a hundred worse ways of making a living than playing a game well, and a hundred worse forms of amusement than watching a game well played. But plenty of people feel uneasy when they see professionalism creeping into a game. There are all sorts of temptations toward the lowering of personal and athletic standards when money becomes the object of the player. It is fortunately true that most professional sportsmen resist these temptations, but even so a game loses something of its fascination, something of its clean, wholesome character, when it ceases to be simply a source of healthy recreation and an opportunity for generous, friendly rivalry, and becomes as well a means of making money.

But there are two things to be observed in this connection. No game that is really worth playing for the fun there is in it will be abandoned by the amateurs, because some of the most proficient players have made a business of it; and for every expert who is able to capitalize his or her skill there will always be hundreds of thousands who will never be anything but amateurs—and many of them, in their own phrases, the "rankest" of amateurs. There are not many "Red" Granges on the gridiron, and still fewer Lenglens on the courts.

### "IT IS ME"

**A NUMBER** of years ago Prof. Barrett Wendell, one of the most distinguished of American teachers of English, startled his colleagues by saying that the locution "it is me" had become so habitually used that it had established itself as a proper usage. The grammarians rose in revolt, of course, and only an occasional English professor, here and there, had the hardihood to agree with Mr. Wendell. But people kept on saying "it is me," finding it easier and perhaps less affected, than "it is I." Now the college-entrance examination board has decided that "it is me," when it appears in examination papers is good English.

Whether it has as yet ruled on "he don't" as a substitute for "he doesn't" we have not heard. Probably not; yet the time may come when it will have to, for that grammatical lapse is quite as common in the mouths of reasonably well-educated people as the other. Indeed it has better literary sanction. Dickens used it continually, Thackeray often. You will find it in Richardson, the eighteenth-century novelist, and in Fonblanque, the nineteenth-century essayist and editor. The list of current writers of "good" English who write it is a long one. The precisians are irritated by it; the Oxford dictionary still calls it vulgar; but if people will use it what are grammarians to do? In the end they will have to endure it, and refer to it in small type as "an idiom."

We have no intention in saying this to condone careless or inaccurate English. Teachers are perfectly right in holding out for exact and grammatical speech. There is a vast deal of sloppy, slipshod, often purposely slangy and faulty English being talked today; it is the duty of those who know better to keep their own speech clear, crisp and correct, and to use their influence to encourage others to do the same. The case is probably worse in the United States than in England, for Americans seem to delight in a highly colloquial kind of speech and are inclined to avoid precision of language as disagreeably superior and affected. By all means, gentlemen and ladies of our school and college faculties, insist on teaching our children and young people the difference between a language and a jargon.

The only point of our opening paragraphs is to call attention to the fact that the English language is, like all living things, a varying organism. In the end it is made by the people who speak it, and not by those who reduce its rules to writing. If the people as a whole decide to say "it is me" and "he don't," those phrases will become, for the time being, English "as it is spoken." Perhaps another generation will be more particular and outlaw them. If you have read many books of the eighteenth century, you will have noticed that it was then fashionable with the best of authors to say "you was" when only one person was meant. But no one except a vulgarian ever says it today.

## THIS BUZZ WORLD

### THREE MORE CHANNEL CONQUERORS

**THE** English Channel is fast losing its terrors for ambitious swimmers. While Miss Ederle, who was the first woman to conquer it, was receiving a hysterical welcome from her admirers in New York, another American woman, Mrs. Clemington Corson, was repeating her exploit. She swam from Cap Gris Nez to Dover in fifteen and a half hours and landed in excellent condition. Mrs. Corson is a Dane by birth and was a famous swimmer under her maiden name, Amelia Gade. A few days later a German swimmer, this time a man, Ernst Vierkoetter by name, swam the Channel in twelve hours and forty-three minutes, and on September 10 a Frenchman, Georges Michel, actually crossed it in eleven hours and five minutes, more than three hours faster than Gertrude Ederle's record.

### AN AIR DISASTER AND AN AIR RECORD

**THE** country was shocked and grieved to hear of the death of Commander John Rodgers of the Navy air force, whose plane dropped with him into shallow water near the bank of the Delaware River not far from Philadelphia. Commander Rodgers was the leader of the San Francisco-Hawaii airplane flight last year. His plane, it will be remembered, had to descend some distance from Hawaii and drifted with its crew for about a week before it was found and picked up by a searching vessel. The French aviator Callizo, who has held the altitude record for air-planes for some time, surpassed his own best performance recently when he rose 41,811 feet above the earth. This is 12,000 feet higher than the summit of Mt. Everest, and almost eight miles above the ground.

### MORE INTERESTING PRIMARIES

**ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOODY** won the second or "run-off" primary nomination for governor of Texas, defeating

Mrs. Miriam Ferguson by some 250,000 majority. There has also been an important primary election in California, where Governor Richardson lost his fight for renomination to Lieutenant Governor Young. Senator Shortridge was more fortunate and was renominated. In the Democratic primaries Mr. John B. Elliott, who is regarded as the candidate of the McAdoo wing of the Democratic party, defeated Mr. Isidore Dockweiler, who was identified more or less with the element that favors Governor Smith's leadership.

### WHAT GOES ON IN THE PHILIPPINES

**COL. CARMICHAEL THOMPSON**, the President's special commissioner, has been touring the Philippine group, investigating political and commercial conditions everywhere. He has been kindly received, especially in Mindanao, where the Moros desire the continuation of American control and dread the political domination of the Filipinos of Luzon. At Zamboanga, in Mindanao, his arrival was marked by a rather lively clash between Moro and Filipino partisans, which threatened for a time to develop into a serious riot. The Philippine legislature has passed the bill providing for a plebiscite on the question of independence over Governor-General Wood's veto, and the bill must now go to President Coolidge for his decision.

### MR. BAKER ON THE WAR DEBTS

**FOR** the first time since the close of the war an American public man who has held high office has come out boldly in favor of the entire cancellation of all war debts—including presumably the reparation payments to which Germany is committed. Mr. Newton D. Baker, who was Secretary of War during President Wilson's second administration,—including of course the years when we ourselves were in the fight,—is the man. He believes that when we insist on the repayment of money advanced by us for the assistance of our allies we abandon all the unselfish idealism with which, he declares, we entered the war, and assume a purely commercial attitude. He also argues that by our course we are delaying the reorganization of the world, arousing hostility abroad and injuring ourselves from every conceivable point of view. It was reported from the Adirondacks that President Coolidge is not much impressed by Mr. Baker's arguments and sees no reason to change the policy of the government with regard to the collection of the war debts.

### THE CHINESE KALEIDOSCOPE

**THE** latest news from China is that a long period of political stagnation is at an end and that the various political elements are rearranging themselves into a new pattern. Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, having driven General Feng out of Peking, and quite out of China indeed, seems to have found the reason for their temporary alliance at an end. General Feng, it is reported, has joined the radical South-China government which is established at Canton, and a strong army from that region is now advancing against Hankow, with a view of detaching the rich central provinces from Wu Pei-fu, who has hitherto controlled them. Wu is back at Hankow, organizing his defense and trying to win the support of Marshal Sun, another important military leader in the interior of China, but he is apparently receiving no help from Chang Tso-lin. It is even reported that his own officers have turned against him and replaced him by a certain General Chin.

### OUR MARINES IN NICARAGUA

**IN** response to the request of President Chamorro of Nicaragua a strong party of American marines has been landed at Bluefields to assist the harried government in preserving order there. Nicaragua is in continual political ferment. The present régime came in as the result of a revolution a year or so ago, and the party which was then turned out of the offices has never ceased to agitate for a counter-revolution. Under the circumstances no other nation has ventured to recognize the Chamorro government as regular. That government has protested to the League of Nations that Mexico is giving aid and comfort to the revolutionary party; but, as Mexico is not a member of the League it is not probable that that body will undertake to interfere in the quarrel.

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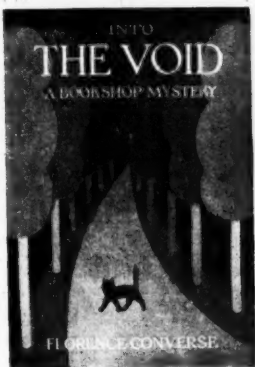
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## MISCELLANY

### THERE'S AN OLD, OLD SAYING

*There's an old, old saying of long ago  
That helps when the spirit is faint and slow;  
Some one weary in far off years  
Fashioned it softly, with grateful tears:*

In the morning, mountains;  
In the evening, fountains.

*At the break of dawn there are hills to climb  
As steep as the stars and as old as time,  
But onward and upward the brave heart goes.  
There's a halt with the dark, and a dear  
repose.*

In the morning, mountains;  
In the evening, fountains.

*The hill of life is a lifting way,  
But the long trail levels at dip of day,  
And the dusk is sweet, and the night is blest  
With dew of dreams and waters of rest.*

In the morning, mountains;  
In the evening, fountains.  
—NANCY BYRD TURNER

### SIXTY YEARS FOR CHRIST

A LONG life of consecration and service came to an end a few months ago, when Dr. Chauncey Goodrich died in Peking. Doctor Goodrich was in his ninetieth year, and he had, not long before his death, completed sixty years of missionary work in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions in China. He was one of the two authors of the Chinese Hymnal, which all Chinese Christians use, and one of the five translators of the Bible into the Mandarin tongue, which Hu Shih, the leader of China's literary revolution, declares to be the most powerful influence in the Renaissance movement that is awakening Chinese scholars and literary men to fresh and eager intellectual life.

Doctor Goodrich was buried beside his wife and many another devoted missionary worker, including the martyrs of the Boxer year, in the cemetery at T'ung Chou. One who was present writes to the Congregationalist of the impressive scene.

"As the group following the casket approached the cemetery, the sun sank in clear golden light behind the purple hills, and we heard the voices of young girls, clear and sweet, singing one of the hymns Doctor Goodrich translated. We found them standing on either side of the green aisle through which we passed to the open grave. Over all was the solemn mellow light from the western hills.

"Here the Chinese took charge of their beloved dead. Foreigners stood quiet while hymns and prayers and the single tribute were offered. A tall, grave man spoke his heart out, and his voice failing him, he said, brokenly, 'It is fitting that I should weep at this place.' But he went on presently to glorify the Master who had become a living presence to him and to others in the personality of Doctor Goodrich.

"That broken Chinese voice had proclaimed this an hour of consecration for those who were gathered together in that place, and a time of holy triumph of one who might have said with Paul, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' And it was also very full of the simple human fellowship which Doctor Goodrich loved. The young people from the schools were there as well as their elders. Old friends were there, and little Chinese children played about in the green gloom and called to each other in their high sweet voices, and no one forbade them. Village women were there and men burdened with heavy international responsibilities. They were all as one in grief and thanksgiving and praise."

It was a fitting end to a beautiful life.

### A LIVING ANTS' NEST

PROF. R. H. YAPP, of the University of Birmingham, England, recently described in an English magazine an extraordinary combination of animal and vegetable life which he found in the Malay Peninsula. The Malayan fern, which always grows on the branches of trees, he first encountered in a jungle-covered mountain ridge, five thousand feet above sea level.

"The fleshy, creeping stems of this curious fern give off numerous branches, which form thick, black, encrusting masses, often several feet in length, completely encircling the branches of its host.

"A system of communicating passages or galleries runs through the entire mass of stems and branches. These galleries are invariably inhabited by colonies of ants, the fern being literally a living ants' nest. The ant galleries have a definite arrangement. Inside each stem or branch, along almost its entire length, is a continuous central passage or corridor. At intervals side passages, are given off to other branches, while overhead are two series of separate cave-like galleries, all built to precisely the same pattern. Each overhead gallery communicates by a short passage with the corridor below.

"This complicated system of galleries is not tunneled out by the ants, but appears naturally in the fleshy tissues of the plant. The ants, however, excavate short entrance passages from the exterior, and so find their way into this ready-made nest. If an inquisitive naturalist interferes with their living house, the ants sally forth and pugnaciously attack the intruder."

### HOW PEACH-MELBA GOT ITS NAME

PLENTY of Companion readers must have eaten that delicious confection called the Peach-Melba, and probably most of them have wondered how it happened to be named for the famous singer. In her "Melodies and Memories," Madame Melba tells the story.

I was lunching alone in a little room upstairs at the Savoy Hotel on one of those glorious mornings in early spring when London is the nearest approach to paradise that most of us ever attain. I was particularly hungry, and I was given a most excellent luncheon. Towards the end of it there arrived a little silver dish, which was uncovered before me with a message that Mr. Escoffier had prepared it specially for me. And much as Eve tasted the first apple I tasted the first Pêche-Melba in the world. "It's delicious," I said. "Ask Mr. Escoffier what it is called."

Word came back that it had no name, but that Mr. Escoffier would be honored if he might call it Pêche-Melba. I said that he might with the greatest pleasure, and thought no more of it. But very soon afterward Pêche-Melba was the rage of London.

### A MUTUAL PAIR OF GLOVES

GENERAL C. and General H. had each lost an arm for glory in the Civil War. They took it as a matter of course and were profoundly grateful for their joint good fortune in that General C. had lost his right arm while General H. had sacrificed his left.

They were neighbors and friends. Once a year they observed a special occasion with all suitable dignity. On a certain morning General H. would approach the fence of General C. and, having arrived, would lean thereon until General C. appeared. After a formal salute General C. would say to General H.:

"General, isn't it about time we went to buy ourselves a new pair of gloves?" And off they would march to buy one pair of gloves for two heroes!

### THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures; how can any family tell which are really worth seeing? The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same programme.

### THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

**Born to the West**—Paramount  
Zane Grey's story of the Nevada gold rush and the coming of the law. Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton.

**Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!** First National  
The uproariously funny story of a cross-continental walking match. Harry Langdon.

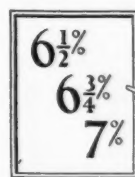
**The Show-Off**—Paramount  
Laughable comedy of a family which acquires an incurably boastful son-in-law. Ford Sterling and Lois Wilson.

**More Pay, Less Work**—William Fox  
Two young people show their parents that coöperation is better business than competition. Mary Brian and Charles Rogers.

**One Minute to Play**—F. B. O.  
A lively football story. The hero, "Red" Grange of Illinois, is the victim of conflicting loyalties.

**The Cowboy Cop**—F. B. O.  
A homeless waif and his little dog remain pals through thick and thin. Tom Tyler and Little Frankie Darro.

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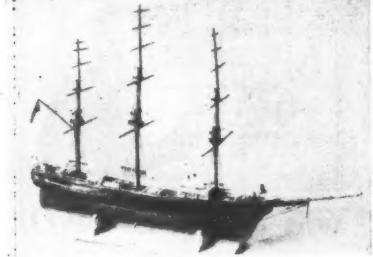
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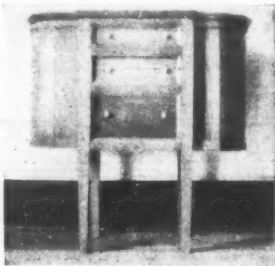
## The 44th Weekly \$5 Award



**MEMBER MALCOLM V. OTIS** (15) of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, is one of the Lab's finest model constructors. Member Otis sold this faithful reproduction of the Sea Witch for \$125.00. This is not his first venture in model making. Considerable practice in this art has brought Member Otis into that class of builders who can command prices of \$100.00 or more per ship. The market for models will last many more years, although many of the present buyers, who are only buying ships because they are a fad, will drop out. Any person who has a real knowledge of old ships will recognize the painstaking accuracy of Member Otis's project. This summer Member Otis has constructed the Flying Cloud from plans furnished by Councilor Magoun. Some time ago Member Otis built a 19-inch model of this ship, his only guide being a picture of the original vessel. Upon learning that he could obtain more accurate specifications, he decided to build another.

## Two Special Awards

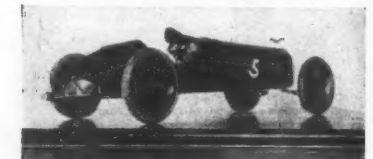
**MEMBER KENNETH McGRATH** (16) of Lancaster, Pa., has completed a golden oak sewing-cabinet in a most workmanlike fashion. The cabinet is 28½ inches high, the top measuring 14½ x 14 inches. Around the edge of the top is a ½-inch walnut strip. The legs are square, 1½ inches on a side. The top, drawer fronts and stretcher rails are of ½-inch stock. Poplar was used in making the drawers. The Director and Governors are glad to recognize such an excellent piece of construction.



The photograph of Member Julian Wiley's model racer was taken with a 1A Kodak Junior with a portrait attachment. Member Wiley took this picture himself after two previous unsuccessful attempts.

Tin was used in constructing the hood, cowl, wheels and radiator. Heavy wire served to make axles, and the seat was formed from a small condensed-milk can. The exhaust pipe was made from a piece of rubber tubing. A coat of vermilion gloss gave a realistic finish. The model was of original design.

Member Wiley lives in Zionsville, Ind.



## Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any questions concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

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## THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys



## Y. C. Lab Project No. 45

## A SIMPLE NICKEL-PLATING OUTFIT

By HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY

ANY general laboratory where boys intend to turn out well-finished work is hardly complete without a nickel-plating outfit. A simple apparatus capable of doing excellent work can be made with little expense. The Y. C. Lab has recently been experimenting with nickel-plating and found that excellent results could be had on the first attempts.

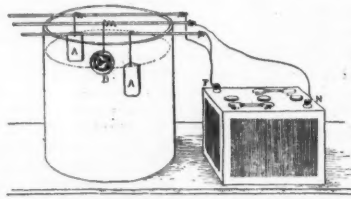
Nickel finish is so generally used on all sorts of things that the apparatus saves many dollars in a short time. Automobile parts, house hardware, like door fixtures, lighting fixtures and ornaments, can be made like new (and probably better than the original), thereby saving quite a bit, as commercial nickel-plating is very expensive. The old flivver, the tarnished bathroom fixtures, the rusty door-knocker can be given a brilliant new lease of life—and incidentally it's tremendous fun. And not so hard on the muscles as planing oak, for instance.

The needs are simple. Nearly everybody has a storage battery of sorts. This supplies the current. A five-gallon jar or crock is needed for the nickel solution. Next are the anodes, the nickel pieces which give up their shiny qualities to the articles to be plated. A couple of nickel anodes are necessary, each one about three by four inches and about ⅜ of an inch thick. Your local hardware dealer won't have them, but he can send for them, or some concern which does electroplating will undoubtedly sell you some of these small anodes. If they have none as small as this, cut a larger one in two with a hacksaw and drill holes for the copper wire. Three pieces of brass rod or tubing about twenty inches long make the suspension rods. A few feet of small-size copper wire are also needed for the connections.

To make the nickel solution, put into the five-gallon jar four pounds of "single nickel salts"—which may be obtained at any drug store. Then put in one gallon of boiling water and stir until the salts are dissolved. Then add twelve ounces of nickel chloride, stirring thoroughly with a wooden stick; next, twelve ounces of boric acid, which is also stirred until dissolved. Add three gallons of cold water. This solution must set for two or three days before it is fit to use.

This solution makes up to four gallons and is enough to take a good-sized article, such as an ordinary headlight rim.

Articles to be plated must be cleaned—and this means that they must be free from rust and grease of any kind. Nickel will not stick where the slightest trace of oil or grease is; it is sure to cause trouble. Everything must be buffed first for a high-polished surface. A lathe with a buffing wheel or a small power buffer of any kind is a necessity in doing good plating. A felt wheel is best for this, although a rag wheel will do. Some fine abrasive medium must be applied to the wheel if the article has many bad scratches in it. Number 180 emery will do this very nicely. It can be stuck on an old rag wheel with a little glue. Rotten stone is used



by plating concerns for smoothing surfaces, and if you can get some of this it will be fine. As a matter of fact, the Y. C. Lab used several things for a test, and Simoniz Cleaner worked well. Possibly auto-valve grinding compound could be used to good

advantage on a surface badly marred. In any event you must have a smooth surface or your plating job will be poor. In addition, the article must be "colored," which means buffing it to a high polish. A compound called Acme is used for this, but if it is not procurable something just as good can be made at home. Take one tablespoonful of mutton tallow and mix with a pound of slaked lime. Work into a ball and keep it in a can. Put a little of this mixture on the buffing wheel and buff to a high polish. Clean in the potash bath, wash and plate in nickel solution. Wash again after sufficient nickel has been deposited and buff for the final high polish with the same mixture. The article is then ready for use.

We need also a cleaning bath to dip the article into after it has been buffed and before it goes into the plating solution. Mix up in an old bowl or iron kettle one can of Babbitt's potash in three gallons of water. Keep your fingers out of this. (In fact, there is no need of getting your hands into any of these solutions, and you will do better not to.) Tie small copper wire around any of your articles and hold them by that.

The arrangement of the plating outfit is simple. The three brass rods are placed parallel, about three inches apart on top of the jar. Attach an anode to a piece of copper wire, allowing it to sink into the solution just to its top. Wind the other end of the wire around the suspension rod. Arrange two of these anodes, using the two outside rods. One end of these rods is wired up with the positive terminal of the battery.

The center suspension rod is the cathode, and one end of it is wired to the negative terminal of the battery. We are now ready to do a bit of plating. Having cleaned the article, wash off the potash bath from it by holding it under running water. It is wired, of course, with small copper wire. Now suspend it from the center rod, completely submerging it in the solution. Make the contact by wrapping the wire over the rod. If bubbles come all around the article, it is being plated. If no bubbles appear, there is a bad connection somewhere which can easily be found.

Nickel-plating works fast on a storage battery, and it must be carefully watched. If it shows signs of burning, take out one of the nickel anodes and use only one. Cut down the time, also.

Nickel can be applied direct to brass and copper, but will not take on iron or steel. Consequently, if articles are of the latter metal, they must be treated to a copper plate before the nickel is put on. Unfortunately, copper plating is not for the amateur, since it involves the use of potassium cyanide—a deadly poison. If you want to nickel-plate an article of iron or steel, have the copper put on by a professional concern.

## The Secretary's Notes

ONE week from now, upon this page, the most important announcement coming from the Y. C. Lab will be made. Not until next week can we give you any hint of the nature of this announcement, but we can say without any exaggeration that it points the way to better achievement and greater success to every Member of the Lab. It reveals an opportunity which in the future will lie with every member, and, although this object will be admittedly difficult to attain, we think there will be few Members of the Lab who will fail to be thrilled by the prospect.

Very soon this fall, the Director plans to send to every Member over the age of fifteen a questionnaire regarding plans for his higher education. Please watch for this, and when it comes study it carefully, talk it over with your parents and return the information to us at your earliest opportunity. It may mean a good deal to you.

The response so far to the announcement several weeks ago of the Toy Constructors' Contest has already been very encouraging, and when the opportune time arrives there will be a host of interesting and ingenious projects for publication in the Lab page. It is still far from too late for you to make your own contribution.

## Questions and Answers

Q.—I wish to ask how to charge a 48-cell storage "B" battery. Is there not a simple charger that can be made at home? How? Member Robert M. Arnold, Tiro, Ohio.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: While a charger, or more properly a rectifier, may be made at home, such chemical rectifiers are not very satisfactory. They are not usually fool-proof, and after a relatively short period of service are liable to fail, with consequent damage to the battery being charged. For charging "B" batteries, a rectifier may be made by supporting two pieces of metal of dimensions 2 inches by 6 inches in a borax solution. One of these pieces of metal should be aluminum, as pure as can be obtained, while the other metal strip should be of lead. The strips should be supported so that they are about ½ inch apart and with the large faces parallel. When first placed in service the rectifier does not operate. To "form" the plates, the rectifier should be connected to a dummy load, consisting of a 25-watt lamp, until the sparking at the surface of the plates has stopped. Chemical rectifiers are available on the market for this purpose and are much better constructed than is the case with the usual homemade rectifier. The most satisfactory rectifier for this purpose known to the writer is the "tube" type charger, made by the General Electric Company or the Westinghouse Company. These chargers may be obtained at a reasonable price, in a "two-ampere" size, which will charge the "A" battery satisfactorily. By altering the connections, as provided for, "B" batteries may be charged. The arrangement is entirely fool-proof, clean and quite economical.

Q.—In some articles on aviation that I have read it is stated that it was not until after the first flight had been made that the idea of warping the wing tips was conceived. Others stated that the Wright brothers had invented a unique system of steering horizontally, which was incorporated in the plane that made the first flight successful. Can you explain this? Member Thomas E. Bissell, R. F. D., Terryville, Conn.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: The Wright brothers used warped wing tips not only in their plane which flew in 1900 but also in the gliders which antedated it. Their success was due to the adoption of the three-rudder system; i.e., the interaction of warped wing tips, rudder and elevators. They could thus steer in three dimensions, which is an essential feature of any plane.

Q.—Can plans of the U. S. Frigate United States, commanded by Decatur in the War of 1812, be obtained? Associate Member John R. Harrison, Abbeville, S. C.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: Lieut. John Lord, U. S. N., who is in charge of the restoration of the frigate Constitution at the Boston Navy Yard, informs me that there are no plans of the frigate United States available. He says, however, that she was built from the same plans as the Constitution. There were minor differences in the two vessels, the principal one being in the battery. Decatur felt that the forty-four guns of the Constitution were too heavy for the size of the vessel and consequently succeeded in having carronades instead of guns mounted on the spar decks. The carronade was a short gun, weighing about 1700 pounds, as against 3600 for the gun of the Constitution.

Q.—I would like to know whether the voltage or amperage of a gravity cell can be determined by the size of the plates or amount of copper sulphate used. If so, what size should I use to make one that will give 1½ volts to use with a WD12 radio tube? Associate Member Howard Hadley, R. F. D. 1, Clarksville, Ohio.

A.—by Professor Young: The voltage of a battery is not determined by its size, but by the materials of which it is made. Small or large, the ordinary gravity cell will give 1.08 volts on open circuit. The amount of current you can get from such a cell depends upon its internal resistance and the resistance that you attach to its terminals. The larger the internal resistance of the cell the smaller will be the maximum current that can be obtained. The internal resistance of this cell is comparatively high, so that the largest current that can be obtained from it is about one ampere. One such cell would not give enough voltage to operate a WD12 tube. Without doubt the ordinary dry cell is the best unit to use in operating this tube.

Q.—Can you give me the dimensions of Gar Wood's speed-boat, Baby Gar IV? Associate Member Davy Soper, Viola, Ia.

A.—by Councilor Magoun: The dimensions of Gar Wood's speed-boat Baby Gar IV, as given by the official measurer at the 1924 Detroit regatta, are as follows: Length, 33 ft.; beam, 7 ft. 6 in.; engine, Liberty 12-cylinder; horsepower, 300; piston displacement, 1060 cu. in.; propellers, 19 in.; diameter, 24 in. pitch. Her speed was 48.5 miles per hour. You may be interested to know that the hydroplane, Miss America II, with an 1800-horsepower Liberty engine, has made 80½ miles per hour.

Q.—Will you please tell me the meaning of the term "water-hammer"? K. L. G., St. Louis, Mo.

A.—by Professor Young: When a valve in a pipe line which is carrying rapidly flowing water is closed suddenly, the velocity of the water approaching the valve is at once retarded. This sudden retardation causes a high dynamic pressure to be produced and results in a noise called "water-hammer."

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**1000 stamps 25c**; album to hold 2000 stamps 60c. All diff. 90c, 500, 35c; 300, 20c; 2000, \$3.75; 3000, \$10.00. **Michael, 4444 Clifton, Chicago.**

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**100 Diff. Portuguese Colonies \$3.30**; 150 \$7.00; 200 \$1.10; 100 Diff. Portugal \$5.00; 150 \$1.50; 200 \$2.50. **Gomes de Souza, R. Conde de Redondo, 37, Lisbon, Portugal**

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**GERMANY**, all different, all mint, 50, 8 cts.; 100, 15 cts.; 150, 30 cts.; 200, 35 cts.; 300, 75 cts. List of other countries free. **Kraus, 409 Chestnut, Milwaukee, Wis.**

**200 Different stamps**; triangle, Pictorial, etc., only 10c. **R. H. Carlton, 380 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.**

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**Free approvals.** 1000 hinges free with first selection. **Henry George, 985 7th St., Milwaukee, Wis.**

## Stamps to Stick

**PLANS** have been tentatively made for organizing in this country a Junior Philatelic Society similar to the one of that name which has been operating successfully in England for a number of years. If the idea matures, the members, boys and girls both, will be in a position to exchange stamps with youthful fellow-philatelists not only in the United States but in foreign lands.

Youth's Companion readers who would be interested in joining such a society are requested to send their names and addresses to Albert R. Rogers, manager of the International Philatelic Exhibition, at the Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue and 46th and 47th streets, New York City.

The International Philatelic Exhibition, to be the greatest show in the history of the

Agency of Washington. At the branch will be sold unused copies of current United States stamps. At the "post office" will be a special hand press on which will be printed sheets of twenty-five of the 2-cent Sesqui-centennial stamp bearing the Liberty Bell as the design. These stamps will bear a special imprint, it is announced, and will be sold to visitors at the exhibition.

The American Bank Note Company, which manufactures stamps for a number of foreign countries, has donated a series of four "stamps,"—not for postal use but as exhibition souvenirs,—each in a separate color.

This "world stamp show" is sponsored by America's leading philatelists, including distinguished citizens internationally known, and is supported also by noted collectors in other countries. The president of the committee is Charles Lathrop Pack, whose name is readily recognized by those interested in the conservation of our forests.



hobby, will take place in the Palace on October 16-23. There will be displayed virtually all of the world's rare stamps from collections the world over. Leading philatelists, many of them distinguished men of various vocations, will attend from countries of five continents, and it is expected that as many as fifty thousand persons will pay admission during the eight days.

Mr. Rogers is selecting that time and that occasion, when so many collectors, old and young, are to be in New York, for ascertaining whether there is a real demand for an organization like England's Junior Philatelic Society. The American Philatelic Society, comprising largely adults, will be holding its annual convention simultaneously, with perhaps one thousand members in attendance, and an effort will be made to interest them in a plan to do something in an organized way for the more youthful collectors.

At the exhibition there will be lectures, for boys and girls, on philately from the educational viewpoint, the speakers to include Fred J. Melville, of London, president of the British society for juniors. If you own a radio, watch the daily programmes in the newspapers and "tune in" on what will go on in the Palace, as some of the talks will be broadcast.

Collections—general and specialized—of stamps of various countries, together with rarities, errors, cancellations, historical and educational groupings of stamps, philatelic publications and accessories, and exhibits by governments, manufacturers, engravers, engineers and printers, will be entered in competition for gold and silver and bronze medals—and one class of this competition is for juniors!

This is Class XIV, for collectors under twenty-one years old. It is divided into six sections: First, general collections; second, general collections of twentieth-century stamps only; third, collections of United States stamps; fourth, collections of other than United States stamps; fifth, collections of persons under fifteen years of age; sixth, collections of any kind.

The governments of Austria, Canada, Sweden and the United States will enter exhibits, and Uncle Sam will set up and operate a "model post office," and will establish also a branch of the Philatelic

### BOLIVAR AND PAN-AMERICANISM

**PANAMA** has sprung a surprise on philatelists by issuing twelve values—instead of a promised two or three—in the series commemorating the holding of the first Pan-American Congress, in Panama a century ago. A portrait of Simon Bolivar, who called together that assembly, is on the stamps of 1 centesimo, orange, 1 centesimo, dark green, 2 centesimos, scarlet, 4 centesimos, gray, and 5 centesimos, dark blue. A statue of Bolivar is shown on those of 8 centesimos, lilac, 10 centesimos, dull violet, 12 centesimos, olive-green, 15 centesimos, ultramarine, and 20 centesimos, brown. The hall in which the recent congress was held in Panama is depicted on those of 24 centesimos, black-violet, and 50 centesimos, black.

### COLONIAL ITALY

"**PROPAGANDA**" stamps on behalf of Italy's programme of colonial expansion have been issued by the Latin kingdom for each of the various colonies—Cyrenaica, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, Oltre Giuba and Tripolitania. Funds raised through the sale of these adhesives, which are of course speculative in character, will aid the Italian Colonial Institute. There are thirty varieties in all, six being for each possession,—5, 10, 20, 40 and 60 centesimi and 1 lira,—and each stamp is sold to the public at an advance of five centesimi. The uniform design is a feminine figure bearing in one hand a down-turned sword and in the other an up-turned spade—perhaps significant as purporting to mean that Italy's dream of expansion is founded on agricultural pursuit rather than military achievement. "Istituto Coloniale Italiano" is the major inscription, and the stamps are alike for all the colonies except that the name of each terrain is inscribed at the foot.



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California gold, 3/4 size 27c, 3/4 size 53c. 100,000 German Marks & Catalogue 10c. **N. Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake, Utah.**

35 Varieties U. S. A. (no dues, revenue), 30 Varieties British Colonials, 100 Varieties Worldwide, 165 different \$15. No unused trash. **R. Lehr, Box 2808, Phila.**

**FREE** Canadian \$1. Stamp to Approval Applicants. Stanley Munday, 112 Irvine Avenue, Westmount, P. Q. Canada.

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40 old coins all different \$1.00. Monroe Half-Dollar Unc. \$1.00. Merten Denney, Box 315, Dallas, Texas.

**STAMPS.** 10c China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (200 pictures) 3c. **A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A8, Boston**

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**55 Cat. Val. \$1.** About 70 diff. stamps. **C. E. Morrison, 2 Sheridan St., Lawrence, Mass.**

**FREE** 200 fine stamps to applicants for net approvals. **Auburn Stamp Co., Auburn, N. Y.**

**50** different Portugal Colonies 10c; 200 different World 10c. **Louis Morrison, Glenolden, Pa.**

**FREE** 25 different stamps to applicants for my approvals. **R. A. Daniels, 35B North Broad St., Norwich, N. Y.**

**I**MAGINE what it would be like if field hockey meant to girls everywhere what baseball means to boys! Few boys are satisfied unless they own a ball and glove. Most boys are happy and at home with ball and glove if only "playing catch." Now, more and more, girls are getting their own hockey sticks and balls and enjoying "dribbling" or "shooting."

One advantage of hockey over most team sports is the fact that it must be played out of doors. That means all the many benefits of exercise in the fresh air. Then you will find out how much it means to play with other girls on a team, to learn how to play and work with them, how to keep your own game subordinated to the best interest of the whole team, and how to make your skill help achieve the successful playing of your team as a whole. You will learn to be wide-awake, alert, keen and ready to act quickly and accurately—you can't help it if you play hockey very long, and you'll find these accomplishments, once you acquire them, carrying over into other things that you have to do every day.

A big advantage of hockey is the large number involved—every team must have eleven regular players. That means that twenty-two girls are playing at the same time.

In England hockey is a game that everyone plays. The children begin to play sometimes as young as six, and many women keep it up until they are well over fifty. Whole families play together. Often at holiday parties and house parties there are mixed games—boys play the girls, or groups of men and women play other groups. In one English school, where there are about four hundred girls, they have eleven hockey fields, all of which are occupied every afternoon.

Hockey was introduced into this country twenty-five years ago by Miss Constance Applebee, now the Director of the Department of Physical Education at Bryn Mawr College. But it is only since a team of English women toured this country back in 1921 that its popularity has gone ahead in great leaps and bounds.

The first thing that an English girl does when she leaves her school or college is to look around for the nearest hockey club, and

## Why We Play Field Hockey

By BESSIE RUDD

President of the Boston Field Hockey Association



The 1925 All-America Team, left to right: E. Tuttle, Philadelphia; Mrs. W. Wallace Brown, Philadelphia; Martha Brewer, Boston; Susan Goodman, Philadelphia; Kitty McLean, Philadelphia; Alice Jones, Boston; Anne Townsend, Captain, Philadelphia; Helen Ferguson, Philadelphia; Hildegard Jacob, Philadelphia; E. Waidner of Smith College and Chicago; and M. Wenier, Philadelphia

**A**LONG with the first crisp snappy fall days girls all over the country are starting to live by training rules, are hunting up their hockey sticks and balls, and beginning to "warmup" for team try-outs and games. If you have played hockey you know the pleasure that is ahead of you at this time of year. If you're not thinking of playing, slip your feet into your heaviest sport stockings and shoes, wrap yourself up as if starting for the pole and cheer your team from the sidelines—it won't take you long to discover that football isn't the only "eleven" you'll get a big thrill out of watching!

If you want some good technical helps, send for Spalding's "Field Hockey Guide" or Spalding's "Learning to Play Field Hockey"—25 cents each, at the American Sports Publishing Co., 45 Rose Street, New York City. Then a splendid book is "Hockey for Girls and Women" by one of the English coaches. I can order it for you for \$1.25 plus 10 cents for postage.

*Hazel Grey*

The Youth's Companion

8 Arlington St., Boston



All-America vs. Irish match at the Boston Tournament, 1923, showing Miss McCann of Ireland with the ball about to be tackled by the American defense—a good illustration of diagonal defense and close marking

American girls are beginning to do the same thing. In 1921 Philadelphia and Boston were the only two cities in America where hockey was played after school. That year, however, the United States Field Hockey Association was formed, and that is an organization "to encourage women's hockey in the United States, especially for girls who have played the game at school or college and who do not want to give it up." Now the U. S. F. H. A. has grown to include seven local associations: Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Fairchester, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati—each made up of three or more clubs. These clubs play games against each other or other groups, such as many of the college teams. Every year each local association chooses its all-city team, which plays in the big Inter-City Tournament usually held Thanksgiving week. So far, there have been four of these tournaments. The first two were held at Philadelphia, the third at New York and the one last year at Boston. This fall there is to be an Eastern tournament at Philadelphia, a Western tournament at Chicago, and an inter-sectional at Baltimore. Every year at the tournament the All-America team is picked. In 1924 this team went to Europe, playing games in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales and one in France. Last fall a fine Irish team toured this country and showed us how much we in America have yet to learn about playing. Expert stick work, the speed of the runners, and the excellent team work of the group won for them every one of their thirteen matches.

Every fall since 1921 until this fall the English Hockey Association has sent to this

country a group of hockey coaches to teach us some of the finer points which make their game such a success. These coaches have given their services except for traveling and living expenses, and they have done a great deal toward the development of hockey in this country.

This interna-

tional meeting in hockey is one more way of "spinning the thread in International friendship!"

Perhaps, more than any other one thing, the hockey camp at Mt. Pocono in Pennsylvania which Miss Applebee started in 1922, is booming our hockey. What a real delight it is to be able to go to a real camp, by a lake in the mountains, to live in cabins and then,



All-America vs. Irish match at Wellesley November 28, 1923. A good example of a left-hand lunge by the American defense

## Fashions for the Young Girl

### CORRECT HOCKEY OUTFITS

Dear Suzanne: I've been on the committee at school this year to decide on what the regulation hockey outfit should be; and here are the two best outfits we found. We are going to use the middy and bloomer one for all teams except Varsity, which will have tunics of forest-green poplin.

Hockey seems to be the sport here this fall, and I'm working desperately to make the team; but there is loads of competition, and it begins to look as if I should never make even class team—everyone in school seems to have caught "hockey"!

Betty

**Hockey Equipment Prices:** The English style is two-piece—a tunic pleated from a fitted yoke and bloomers that are close fitting with elastic at knee and waist. Colors: navy, black, forest green, and brown in serge—in poplin they also come in copenhagen and maroon. Cotton poplin—\$8.00. Imported serge—\$18.00. (Send bust, belt and shoulder to knee measurements.) A soft white nainsook waist to wear with this is \$2.00. The middy is standard white jean, long or short sleeves, all sizes, \$1.45. Bloomers of serge are oxford gray, navy, brown, green, maroon or black for \$5.95. In ordering send measurements of belt and length of waist to knee. Messaline ties may be ordered in any color for 95 cents. "Keds," approved hockey sneakers with cleats, are black. Low ones, \$2.25; high, \$2.50. The hockey ball is \$1.00, and the imported English stick \$2.95. Shinguards such as those worn by the All-America players are a valuable asset for \$1.85 a pair. Black cotton ribbed stockings for 50 cents are the most practical.

HAZEL GREY



The cut of the English style allows for perfect freedom in playing



Middy and bloomers, and a tie in one's team or school color, are always good form

Hayle Studio



Anne B. Townsend, Captain of the U. S. Team that toured England in 1924, Captain of the All-America Team now and also rated among the first twenty American women tennis players

just to practice and play hockey from morn' till night! Then you begin to feel the satisfaction and exhilaration that comes from attaining near-perfection in your own strength and skill. Coaches—teachers—college players—school players—all have the opportunity to go there in September. Intensive hockey-training under English coaches does everything for the development of fine players, and consequently raises the standard of hockey-playing all over the country. In the evenings everyone joins in the English country dancing, which once again "loosens up the stiff muscles, helps to take the kinks out, or put new ones in, and helps to get the players on their toes for quick turns and pivots"—which all American girls who play hockey need more than anything else! The hockey camp has grown from ninety-five the first year to two hundred and eighty last fall, and this year the number is even greater.

Miss Cynthia Wesson, the president of the U. S. F. H. A., recommends club hockey for anyone who has a sound body and a desire for outdoor exercise.

A great English player said that the beginner of today represents the country tomorrow. I hope that everyone who has never played hockey, and who is strong and well, will not wait another minute to become the beginner of today. I also hope that she will not stop playing until she has had the opportunity of being the representative of her section by playing on a club team or her local association team, or has reached the point where she will represent this country by playing on the All-America team!



## The Jester's Story

By Russell Gordon Carter

The Court of Laughter opened  
when the Jester told the  
King  
An incident about a cat—  
A very little thing.

"O King," said he, "the scul-  
lery cat was sitting on your  
throne,  
Pretending he was monarch—  
Sitting all alone.

"He wagged his head and  
puffed his chest and twitched  
his whiskers long;  
A very kingly cat he was—  
Until his plan went wrong.

"The court canary flew o'erhead,  
and Thomas made a spring  
And landed smack upon the  
rug—  
A self-dethroned King!"



THE little country girl Judy was playing with her button children one afternoon when she saw the girl dressmaker walk up the garden path.

"Oh, please come and see Molly Blue Button of Pink Apple Door before you go in the house," Judy called. "She is singing in the white violet choir. The violet children came in from Brookside. I brought a round green moss carpet for them, and they are standing in a circle behind Molly, and it makes a pretty choir."

Sure enough, on the grass under the apple tree west of the house there was a bit of moss full of upstanding white violets on slender stems. With them was the sky-blue button that was once on the blue-satin party cape that belonged to Judy's grand-mama when she was a girl at Apple Door in Maryland. The dressmaker said that Molly Blue Button never looked prettier than she did standing there with the white violet children.

THEN she said, "Judy dear, I came on purpose to see you, hoping I should find you playing with Molly Blue Button, because she likes to sing. Maybe you know that I went to the city to do sewing for Lucy Arlington. The Arlingtons moved away from the village when you were a baby. Mr. Arlington was the miller. Lucy and I went to school together in your little red schoolhouse. She is to be married next week. They bought her white-satin wedding gown and all her other important clothes in a big store in New York City. I am making home dresses for dear Lucy, and I have to sew on yards and yards of narrow lace by hand. Oh, Judy, please do let me sit here with you under the tree and sew while you sing. May I?"

"Yes, indeed; Molly Blue Button and the white violet choir will sing and sing to help you sew," Judy promised, "because they are so happy."

MOLLY BLUE BUTTON sang joyfully for a while with Judy's help, and it did seem as if all the birds in the old apple tree sang too with Molly Blue Button and the white violet choir. Suddenly though it was so still under the apple tree that Judy and the girl dressmaker heard a bumblebee buzz-buzz-buzzzz!

"I can't help thinking about the miller's fair daughter and her wedding," Judy explained. "I never went to a wedding, and I never saw a

## MOLLY BLUE BUTTON ATTENDS A FINE WEDDING

By Frances S. M. Franks

bride. Oh, I'd like to! Please tell me about the wedding dress and everything."

SO the girl dressmaker told Judy that Lucy would wear her trailing white-satin gown with a wreath of orange blossoms on her head, and a long, long veil. There would be flower girls and bridesmaids, and the big city church would be decorated with roses.

"And, oh, Judy, how you would like to hear the music of the big organ, *Dum, dum-de-dum*, when the bride and all her procession march slowly up the long aisle to the altar."

"Will you hear it?" Judy asked as she picked up Molly Blue Button and fastened her to the blue ribbon she wore round her neck.

"Oh, yes," answered the little dressmaker as she stitched and stitched and stitched. "The girl who is to be the bride was my friend when we were small children, and she never forgets; but first I am to help the bride get dressed."

Forgotten then was the white violet choir. "Oh!" exclaimed Judy,

and "Oh, oh!" she repeated happily.

When the girl dressmaker went home Judy talked with her mother about brides and weddings until when she was getting supper her mother said, "Judy, I don't know whether I am in church or stepping round in a fairy-tale!"

"Oh, I'd like to step round in a fairy-tale!" Judy exclaimed, and, taking off her ribbon necklace, she spun Molly Blue Button round and round until the poor button child must have been dizzy.

ONE week later Judy believed that she was surely stepping in a fairy-tale because she went to the fine wedding, and Molly Blue Button went with her. Only the day before the girl dressmaker had come running over to the farmhouse with a letter from the miller's daughter that said, "Mother says bring your little singing friend to the wedding."

Still as a white violet, Judy sat in the corner of a beautiful room in a great city house and watched the dressing of the bride. At last, when she stood in all her shining glory,

orange-blossom wreath, veil and all, one of her friends said:

"Lucy dear, are you wearing what all brides should wear,

"Something old, something new,  
Something borrowed and some-  
thing blue?"

"I am wearing something old and something new," answered the lovely bride, "but what can I borrow? And oh, what can I wear that is blue!"

Judy offered Molly Blue Button. "I thank you!" exclaimed the bride. "I will return Molly Blue Button safely, you may be sure of that."

With a needle and thread the smiling girl dressmaker sewed Molly Blue Button inside the bride's white-satin sash.

Half an hour later Judy sat in the big solemn church and listened to the music of the great organ. Then the bride marched up the aisle on her father's arm with her procession while the organ played and played joyful wedding music, and Judy knew that Molly Blue Button of Pink Apple Door was surely going straight up the church aisle to the altar that shining day, with the beautiful bride.

WHEN she was home again and had told the story of the wedding over and over until even the hired man covered his ears with both hands and pretended that he had heard enough, Judy began to fret about Molly Blue Button; Judy worried lest she should never see her favorite button child again.

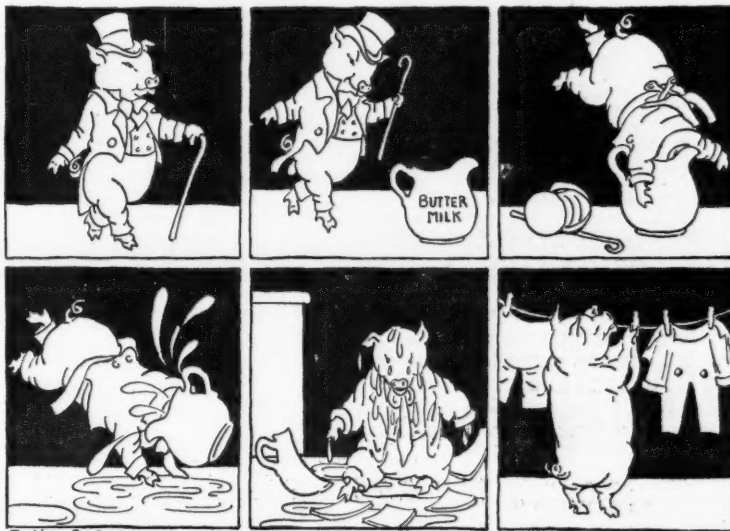
At last one morning the hired man brought Judy a box from the express-office in the village. Molly Blue Button had come home, bringing a little phonograph for Judy. Molly herself was in an envelope fastened to a tiny lace-trimmed, white-satin pincushion. With Molly was a note that explained that the bride chose a little phonograph as a gift for Judy because it could be taken out under the apple trees, where the violet choir and Molly Blue Button should have a chance to hear band music or an orchestra.

"That beats me!" the hired man exclaimed when Judy put on a record and the tiny phonograph began playing a wedding march.

"Music," Judy whispered softly to the hired man, "for father, for mother, for you, for me and for Molly Blue Button of Pink Apple Door!"

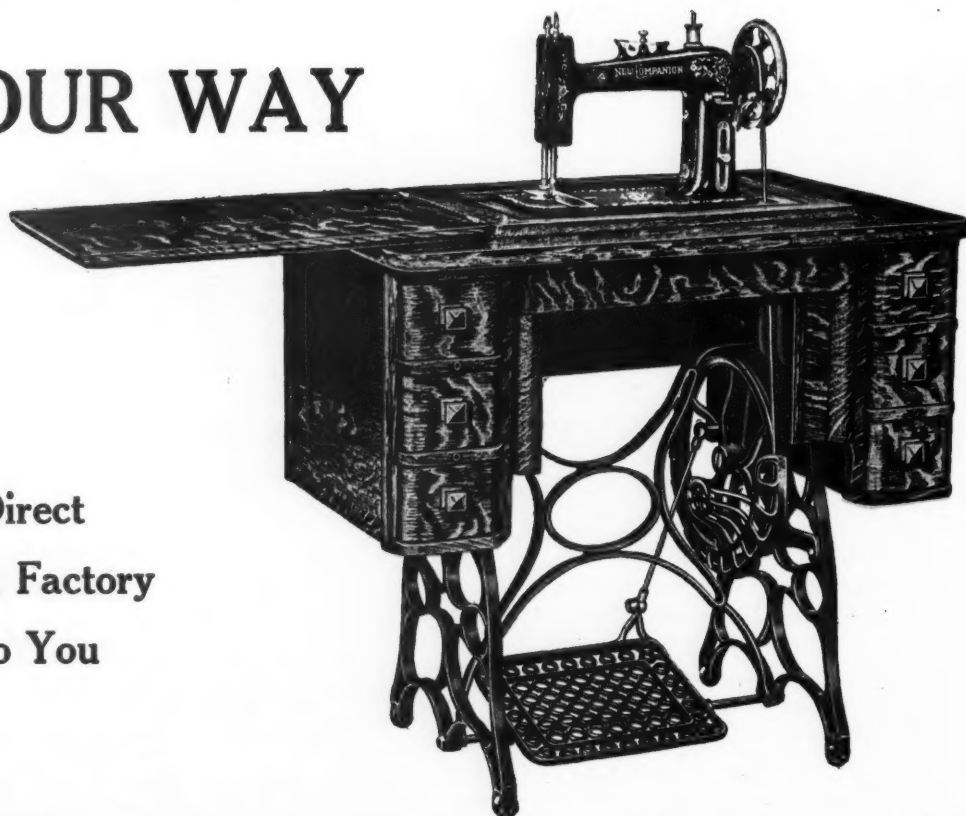
## THE SAD PLIGHT OF THE PIG

By Julia Greene



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